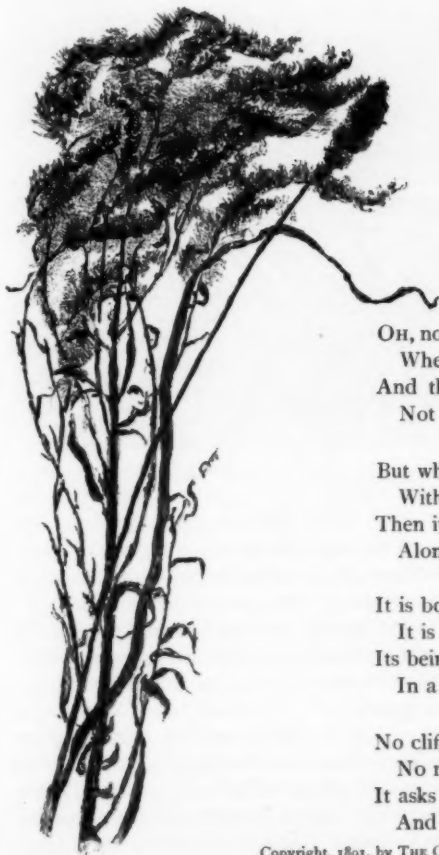


ST. NICHOLAS.

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NO. 11.



—
BY GRACE DENIO LITCHFIELD.
—

OH, not in the morning of April or May,
When the young light lies faint on the sod
And the wind-flower blooms for the half of a day,—
Not then comes the Goldenrod.

But when the bright year has grown vivid and bold
With its utmost of beauty and strength,
Then it leaps into life, and its banners unfold
Along all the land's green length.

It is born in the glow of a great high noon,
It is wrought of a bit of the sun ;
Its being is set to a golden tune
In a golden summer begun.

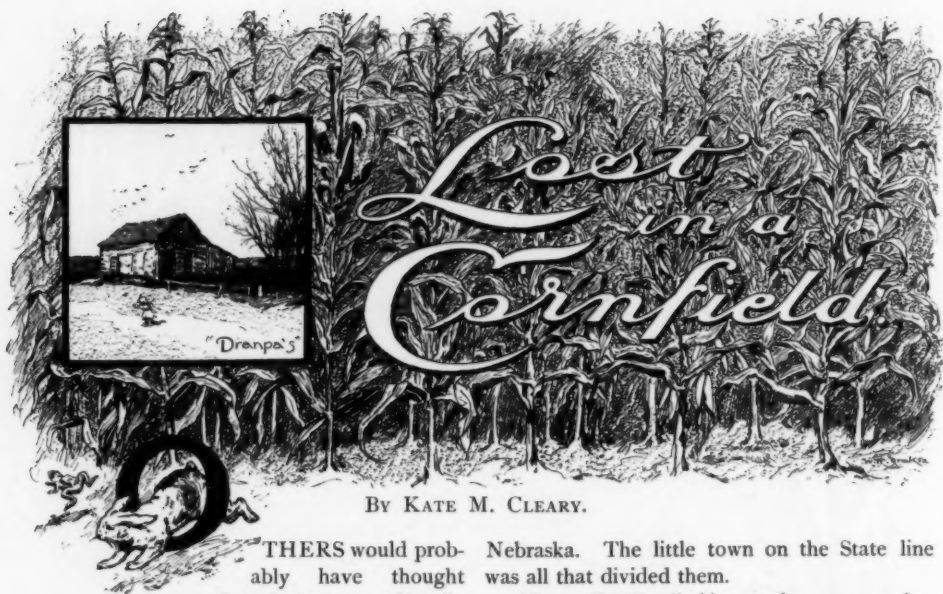
No cliff is too high for its resolute foot,
No meadow too bare or too low ;
It asks but the space for its fearless root,
And the right to be glad and to grow.

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It delights in the loneliest waste of the moor,
And mocks at the rain and the gust.
It belongs to the people. It blooms for the poor.
It thrives in the roadside dust.

It endures though September wax chill and unkind;
It laughs on the brink of the crag,
Nor blanches when forests turn white in the wind;
Though dying, it holds up its flag!

Its bloom knows no stint, its gold no alloy,
And we claim it forever as ours —
God's symbol of Freedom and world-wide Joy —
America's flower of flowers!



BY KATE M. CLEARY.

OTHERS would probably have thought Petunia just an ordinarily nice little girl. But her father, and her mother, and her two big brothers, and the girl, and the hired man, and her grandfather, and her grandmother, and Aunt Lila, and Uncle Carl, and their hired man were quite convinced that no other child ever existed one half as sweet, and smart, and bright, and beautiful, and altogether lovable as she.

Her father's house was in Northern Kansas, and her grandfather's homestead in Southern

Nebraska. The little town on the State line was all that divided them.

"Hurry, Pet!" called her mother one morning in September. "We are going to Grandpa's."

Laughing and shouting with delight Petunia ran for her sun-bonnet and tied it on her yellow head. It was such fun to go to Grandpa's. The gentle red and white Jersey calf was a source of endless delight to her. And the hens at Grandpa's did not lay their eggs in an old barn as they did at home, but in dozens of queer little boxes, nailed up under the eaves of the thatched shed. And it was such a bit of frolic

to climb up and peek in, and nearly break one's neck in doing so. Then Uncle Carl would, if he happened to be at the farm, carry her down to the mill on his shoulder. Petunia loved to see the foamy white cataract, sparkling and dashing down into the cool, green sheet below. Petunia always called the spray "snow," which was what it most resembled.

Her father brought around the team and farm-wagon. He lifted her in behind, where a "comfort" was spread. Then he helped her mother to the high seat in front, climbed up beside her, shook the reins, and away they went.

It was very early in the morning. Indeed, the sun himself had not been up long. A sky of pale, bright blue globed down on the bluffs and valleys. Pet, looking up, thought she was looking into a great, big, blue bowl turned upside down. It was speckled here and there—just like a robin's egg. Here, on the high Kansas land, one could see so far away. Off to the northwest a grayish haze lay upon the hills. On both sides were great forests of corn. The stalks were all in regular rows, like battalions of soldiers. Pet did n't think that. She would n't have known what a battalion of soldiers meant unless you told her—and perhaps not even then. For she was such a little thing, only two years and a half old in June.

"T'ank you," she said to the fat meadow-lark with the pretty yellow vest, who, perched on a post, trilled out a gay, sweet song as she passed.

"It won't be long 'fore we's at Dranpa's!" she told herself gleefully.

All they had to do was to drive down the steep hill that dipped and curved so queerly, cross the Kansas bridge, and then the railroad track, pass through the little town of Bubble, keep on straight north, rumble between the walnut-trees over the bridge above Rose Creek, drive east about a mile, turn to the left, and keep on, up and down the rolling road, till, within hearing and almost within sight of the old mill, one came on it—the little house where Grandpa lived. It was all very easy indeed to do—when one knew how.

Very tall were the sunflowers by the roadside. "Big as giants, I dess," Pet said. Above their great, coarse, dull green leaves their golden disks with hearts of brownest velvet nodded

quite condescendingly down on the trio in the wagon.

"Dood-mornin'!" Pet said frequently in reply to their bowing, for she was a very polite little girl.

It would be very warm by and by, but now the morning air was delicious,—pure and cool and sweet.

At her grandpa's they were all so glad to see Petunia. She was the only child in the family, and the darling of them all. Do you wonder how so many people lived in such a tiny house? A great many western farmers live in very small houses. Not, of course, because land is scarce or dear, but because when they begin farming they need so many horses and machines, that they think they will manage with any kind of a house for a while. And they always intend, when the sheds and stables are all built, and the crops are good, to erect a fine, comfortable dwelling. This the majority of them do. That is why, in driving through Kansas and Nebraska, you so often see large, new frame-houses, almost invariably painted white with green shutters, and in the rear of each a long, low, log or sod structure, now used for a shed or hen-house, but formerly the abode of the family. Sometimes, as in the case of Petunia's grandfather, those who have homesteaded the land live till old in the first little house. Pet's Uncle Carl worked in Bubble, and spent only Sunday at the farm. Her Aunt Lila taught school on the next section. The hired man slept in the barn. There was no one in the house over night except Pet's grandfather and his wife, and Aunt Lila. When Pet came on a visit she slept with her aunt.

That day—Sunday—Uncle Carl was at home. So after he had taken Pet down to the mill, after she had seen the Jersey calf, and had brought in a pail of warm, pinkish eggs she had found in the queer boxes under the eaves of the shed, and had eaten four of Grandma's cookies, she announced her intention of going out to see the corn grow, or, as she herself said it: "doin' out to see the torn drow."

They all laughed heartily at this quaint announcement of the little girl, but not till the small figure in the blue gingham (that Aunt Lila herself had made) and the pink plaid sun-bonnet had disappeared. It was a regular

custom with Petunia, this "doin' out to see the torn drow!" Her grandfather had a half-section, three hundred and twenty acres, all planted in corn.

When Pet was there in April she watched the men plowing. She liked to see the stream of wee, hard, yellow grains drop three and three in the furrows.

Early in May all over the land were seen pencilings of bright green. These looked like little knots of wavy ribbon, running up and down, but always in precise and even lines, at the sides of the dusky furrows of upturned earth. Through it were scattered thousands of pale-tinted, straggly blossoms.

In June the young corn was as high as Pet's waist. Wild roses rioted underneath its emerald tufts, the full-blown ones soft pink, and the buds deep crimson.

In July it was far taller than Uncle Carl, but just as green as ever. There had been plenty of rain, followed by very hot sunshine. That was why it had grown so splendidly.

Pet took much interest in her grandfather's crop. She used on every visit to go out, just as she did on this particular morning, and with her head on one side critically note its progress. Then she would return to the house, and very gravely express her opinion on the subject.

To-day she was not a little puzzled. The long, lovely green streamers were green no more. They were not thick either. They had become yellow and thin. When they rustled they crackled like paper. The corn itself was swathed in ever so many wrappings that looked like stiff crinkly silk. And the fine, soft tassels that waved in the fresh morning breeze were golden, too.

To be sure their corn had changed also, as had all they had passed in coming over from Kansas. But she had been fancying her grandfather's would look quite the same as usual. The sun was high up now. She could feel the warmth on the top of her head. How lovely and cool it looked in under the corn! So very tall the corn was! Even when Pet pushed back her sun-bonnet, and stared straight up, she could hardly see the top of it. She thought it would be nice to walk in there, to keep on and on, till she came to the end of the long, narrow

path, then turn around and come right back. Petunia did n't know anything about the "ten thousand men who marched up a hill and then marched down again," but she meant to do practically the same thing. So she entered one of the aisles,—not as wide as those you see in a church,—and she walked on and on between the stiff, high, golden stalks.

Such a lovely place as that corn-forest was! The sun could n't shine in there to burn the top of one's head! And the long shimmering ribbons, and the fuzzy silken tassels, all seemed murmuring together in a queer, soft, brisk, breezy sort of way. On and on between the rows of corn the feet in the stubby little shoes went plodding; on and on!

"My!" panted Petunia, "me mus' be pitty near de end now! Dacious! dere are a butterfly!"

A butterfly, indeed, a big, creamy butterfly, with spots of brown and rose all over his wide-spread wings. And he was the laziest butterfly Petunia ever saw. He sailed along so slowly she was quite sure she could catch him. He wheeled away to the left. After him the sturdy little legs went racing. As she almost touched him, he floated upward, and lit over her head. For some time she stood looking up at him, and waiting for him to come down. Finally, she shook the cornstalk. He did not seem to like the disturbance, for away down the narrow road he flew, with Petunia in full chase.

All at once he disappeared. Where did he go? To save her life Petunia could n't tell. Very still and sorrowful she stood, and looked—everywhere. As she was peering between the great thick stalks at each side she suddenly caught her breath with a sharp little gasp of pleasure.

"Oh, doodness!" she exclaimed, clasping her wee hands, "what a nice wabbit!"

Not ten feet away, with his long, pointed ears and funny little bit of a bushy, white tail erect, sat a large, gray jack-rabbit. Petunia imagined he looked like her own dog, "Dixie." She would like to make friends with him. She wished she could pat him on the head. Perhaps she could coax him home with her! Gently but directly she went toward him. As she came near, he straightened up, and looked

in astonishment at the little girl smiling at him. Then, with one terrific bound (Petunia fancied that he had jumped over her head), he was off and away!

Two big tears trembled out, and hung shining on her brown lashes.

"Butterfly gone, an' wabbit gone!" she sobbed. She was very tired. She really did not know how tired she was. She had walked a long way. She had run so hard. And it had become hot in the corn by this time. Not the blistering warmth of the midday sun that was torturing without, but a close, heavy, dank heat, caused by the thickness of the corn and the moisture of the earth.

"Dess me go home now an' get some moah tookies!" she decided. She turned, as she supposed, in the direction of her grandfather's house. In reality she was going farther and farther away. She walked on. Still more tired and hungry she grew. It was so far back. She wished she had not come such a long way. Suddenly she stopped. She heard a rush through the air, the whirl of wings. Down, almost at her feet, whirled a covey of quail. She did not try to catch them. She was afraid they would vanish, as did the butterfly and the jack-rabbit. But she stood very still and watched them as they stalked about in state.

More intense the heat grew. It was not near night-time, but for a moment Petunia had fancied it must be, because of the sudden darkness. Suddenly came a sweeping coolness—like a chilly wind. The corn rustled. Pet thought it must be angry about something. Every streamer seemed to be chattering loudly and harshly, and doing battle with its brother. The quail swung up, and circled away. Petunia heard overhead a quick, sharp pattering. A few drops plashed on her sun-bonnet. Suddenly there was a blaze of flame. She was dazed. She could not see at all. Then out bellowed an awful roar that seemed to the little girl to shake the ground.

Pet was fearfully afraid of thunder, and she began to cry and to run. But the rain poured more heavily, the corn swayed and crashed, the lightning blazed on, and the thunder apparently did not cease for one whole minute at a time. Poor little Petunia! She could find no way out

of the forest of corn. Crazed with fright she hurried this way and that. Once she slipped and fell. Looking up she saw a huge hawk whirling overhead. So she staggered to her feet again, and ran on—anywhere. She remembered that hawks ate young chickens. How did she know they would not hurt little children?

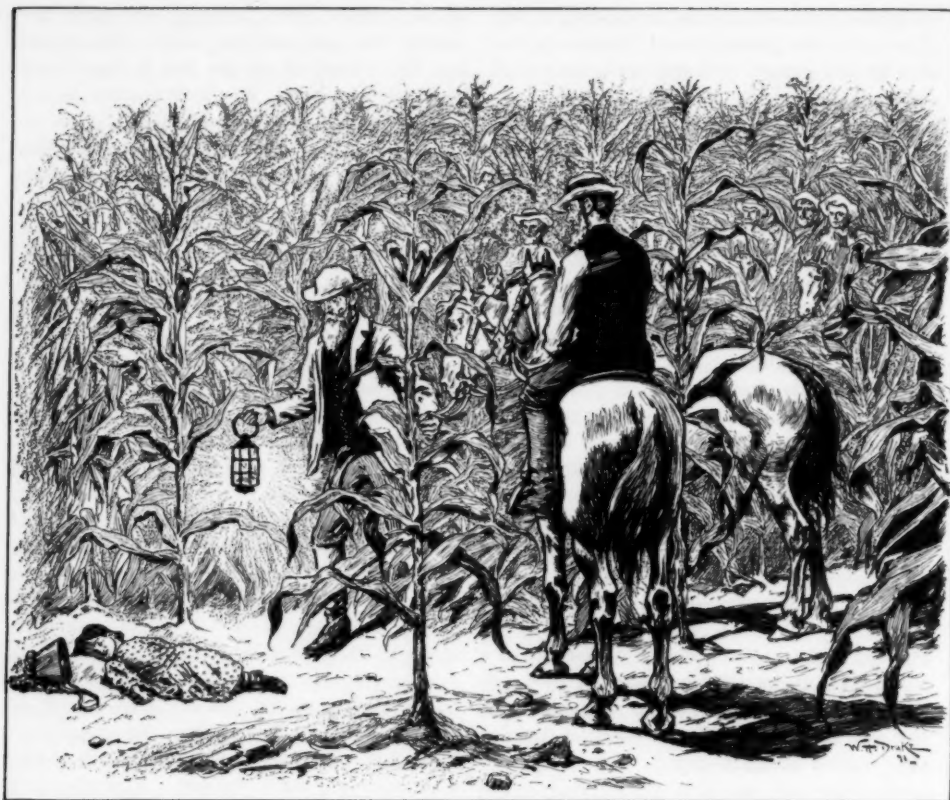
No way was there out of that forest of gold. At least there was none that Pet could find. North she ran; and south; and east; and west. Corn, corn!—there was nothing but corn. To the right, to the left, before and behind. If she could even see through it—or over it! In a vague kind of way she remembered when it was so small and weak she could have pulled many a root of it up with her own tiny hands. Now every stalk of corn seemed like a tree in her path.

How the storm kept beating down, down! Her legs ached so she could hardly move them.

"Oh, Mama!" she shrieked. "Oh, Papa! Pet f'i'tened—so, so f'i'tened!" Only the storm roared back an answer. Then she saw such terrifying things. A lithe brown animal, like a very long mouse, ran before her. She screamed louder than ever, for she was more afraid of gophers than of anything else. She stepped on an ant-hill. A hundred infinitesimal black specks went scurrying across her feet. A mottled frog opened his mouth so wide she thought he meant to swallow her. So she kept on running, stumbling, picking herself up, and falling again. The storm died away. The sun shone out for a little while. Then the terrible twilight came. The night closed down—down.

Poor Petunia could run no more. When she fell now, she was too tired to get up. So she lay there like a little hurt bird that would never fly again.

Such a time as there was at the farmhouse when Petunia was missed! It was almost the hour for dinner. Every room was searched. The barn was searched. Uncle Carl ran to the neighbors' houses. No one had seen her. No one could imagine what had become of her. They were all afraid she might have wandered down to the mill-stream, and fallen in. Her mother cried with terror as the day wore on and



" ' FOUND ! FOUND ! ' "

no trace was found of her. Then Grandpa remembered how she had gone out to see the corn grow. Perhaps she had wandered in, and was lost in that vast, waving field! "God help us!" murmured her father. "There's a whole half-section in corn. She may be dead before we find her!"

The news that Petunia was lost was sent to all the farmhouses around. By the time the storm burst, seven men on horseback were, at different points, picking their way through the corn. The drenching rain, the crashing thunder, the blinding lightning, the approaching night they dreaded not at all. Each thought only of the poor little baby lost somewhere in that wilderness of stalks, terrified at their strange whisperings, and wondering perhaps why no one came to take her home.

Very carefully had every one to make his

way, lest his horse should tread on her. There was no use calling while the storm lasted. Their voices could not be heard above its roar. When it was over they shouted, and listened—and shouted again.

Twilight came—then darkness. They lit the lanterns tied to their saddles, and holding them low plodded on and on.

It was nine o'clock!

It was ten o'clock! And overhead a great white moon went sailing up the sky. Its radiance glistened across the wet corn till it was all one vast and tremulous sea of gold. Suddenly, breaking the stillness of the night, Grandpa's strong old voice rang out triumphantly: "Found! Found, boys! Found!"

Petunia's father gave a cheer that rang up to the blue Nebraska sky, a veritable psalm of praise. The other men heard the joyful cry,

and sent back echoing shouts, answering the glad tidings.

At first, when Pet awoke she could not remember where she was. The corn—and the moon—and the men—and the horses! And the lanterns dancing like fireflies! What did they mean? Why was she there in that strange place at night?

But when her grandfather dismounted, and lifted her up before him on the saddle, she re-

membered what had happened, and a delightful sense of security came stealing over her. She was stiff and sore. But she managed to turn and clasp both her tired little arms around his neck. Her tear-stained cheek, blackened with prairie-mold, she cuddled close down upon his breast.

"Oh, Dranpa," she sobbed, "I don't want to see the — torn — drow — any — more!"

Then she went to sleep again.



"Maybe," he said, and gravely stirred
The fragrant, steaming cup,
"Perhaps, you know, the reason was
I hadn't wound it up!"



THE FORTUNES OF TOBY TRAFFORD.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

[*Begun in the November number.*]

CHAPTER XLIII.

"WHAT YOUR ENEMIES HAVE DONE."

TOBY had not wasted a great amount of breath in giving the alarm. But his cries had hardly ceased when they were echoed first by one voice, then by another, farther and farther away, and more and more prolonged. The cries were followed soon by the sound of footsteps running hurriedly through the village streets. And it was not long before the fire-bells began their terrible clamor.

Toby had extinguished the wharf with his own hands, and saved the "Milly," before any help arrived. Then men and boys rushed to the spot, and a fire-engine came rattling down the street.

The glare that guided them had not quite faded out of the sky. The burning boat was like a pretty piece of fireworks, a floating fountain of flame that lighted up the lake and cast wild gleams along the shore.

Toby, utterly exhausted, hatless, coatless, drenched to the waist, his pale face streaked with sweat and soot, had sunk down at the end of his half-burnt oar-box, with the empty bucket by his side.

"Nothing but a little bit of an old wharf!" some one said. "A great thing to raise an alarm about!"

Toby did not even turn and look at the speaker. Somebody answered for him.

"It was a new wharf to-day, and you can see by what is left of it whether it was little. How did it happen, Toby?"

Still he did not answer; his heart was too full. The spectators pressed around him, questioning, conjecturing, examining the charred ruins, and watching the burning boat.

"Is n't that one of your boats, Toby?"

"It's one of my boats," he answered, in a cold, unnatural tone of voice.

"It's burning up!"

"Let it burn!" he said. "Don't you suppose I know it?"

"Could n't you hinder it?"

"Do you suppose I would n't have hindered it if I could?"

"You are a master-hand for burning up boats, Toby, I must say!"

The last speaker was Mr. Brunswick, the iceman, who had just joined the crowd.

"I have n't burnt any boats myself," replied Toby, desperately. "If the truth were known, I guess you'd find this fire was set with some of the same kind of matches that burnt your scow. Where's Bob to-night?"

"Home and abed, I s'pose," said the iceman; "I have n't seen him."

It was n't like the younger Bob to be at home and abed during the excitement caused by a midnight alarm of fire.

Toby looked around at the familiar faces dimly illumined by the gleam from the water. Those of Yellow Jacket and Butter Ball, fellows who never missed an opportunity of running with an engine unless they could reach a fire before it, were conspicuous by their absence. Neither was Tom Tazwell on the spot.

Of the gang Toby suspected, only Lick Stevens was seen, sauntering about, cool and indifferent, making sarcastic remarks. Yellow Jacket, Butter Ball, and the younger Bob appeared later, coming singly and from different directions; but no Tom Tazwell.

A hand was laid on Toby's shoulder, and a voice different from the rest said:

"This won't do, Tobias! You are wet and heated, and you will get cold. Where's your coat?"

"I did n't stop for any coat," said Toby. "I'm not cold."

But the schoolmaster, who carried a light overcoat on his arm, insisted on laying it over the boy's shoulders.

"What your enemies have done is despicable, but you are not going to be cast down by it. Not much more than the flooring of the wharf is gone, and one boat."

"Your sail was in that," said Toby.

"I don't care anything about the sail," Mr. Allerton replied. "How did the boat get loose?"

"The fastenings burned off, and the wind took it out. I had to stay and put out the main fire, and save the 'Milly.' Yes, Dr. Patty," Toby said, turning to a new-comer, "it was Ned's boat, and I'm glad enough I paid you for it last week, so there need n't be any question about it now."

"I don't know as to that," said the doctor, grasping the boy's hand. "You left some money at my house. But I never meant to take pay for the boat; and I should be as mean as the scoundrels who fired your property if I should take pay for it now. That's the way I feel, and that's the way every honest man in the community will feel about this abominable outrage."

"Thank you, Dr. Patty!" faltered Toby.

He had borne up bravely until Mr. Allerton laid his coat on his shoulders. The kind words and kinder touch that accompanied the act had caused his first tears to start. And now Dr. Patty's sympathy and indignation caused a choking spasm in his throat.

Others echoed the doctor's sentiments, and asked Toby what he intended to do.

"Do?" said he. "I'm going to fight this fight out if it costs me my last cent and my last breath! Burke, where's your father?"

"He's here; just come," replied the boy.

"They have served you a shabby trick, have n't they, Toby?" said the carpenter, approaching. "But it ain't so bad as it might be. I guess the posts and the 'jise,' for the most part, are all right."

"To-morrow is Sunday," remarked Toby. "Can you give me Monday?"

"Maybe I can," said the carpenter. "For what?"

"To rebuild this wharf," replied Toby.

"Is it decided so suddenly?"

"It was decided the minute I caught sight of the fire. 'If it burns, I'll rebuild it,' I said. That's what I'll do every time. The scamps

who meant to spite me and do the railroad company a service may as well know it," Toby added, raising his voice, to make himself heard distinctly by Lick Stevens or any others of the suspected gang who might be near.

"Here is your sister, coming to bring your coat," said Mr. Allerton. "You must go home with her at once and change these wet clothes."

The fire-engine boys, with their hose-carriage and their machine, red lanterns and tinkling bells, moved slowly up the street. The light shell of the drifting boat burned to the water's edge, the last feeble gleams died out, and darkness settled upon the lake, the shore, the blackened wreck of the wharf, and the departing throng.

CHAPTER XLIV.

YELLOW JACKET'S SECRET.

If anybody derived satisfaction from the destruction of Toby's property and other injury done to his business, it certainly was not Yellow Jacket. He withdrew himself from his companions. He frowned upon Butter Ball, he glowered at Lick Stevens. A settled dissatisfaction took possession of him; his countenance was downcast; his look was glum. He wandered much alone, but he shunned the lake, and his boat lay idle under the willow. If he observed one of his favorite insects on a wayside road he gazed at it listlessly and passed on. Assuredly something ailed the wasp-catcher.

He saw Toby's wharf triumphantly rebuilt, another and finer boat replace the one that was destroyed, and things go on again very much as they had gone before. But life was no longer the same to Yellow Jacket.

"What's the matter with the fellow?" people asked. "He does n't sit on the fence and whittle, nor even brag any more!"

He had had fits of moroseness, it is true, ever since his falling out with Toby. They were transitory; he did not quite forget to smile. But now it seemed as if nothing short of a chance to save another life or two would rouse him from his melancholy, and give his vapid existence a flavor.

Mr. Allerton, who had never lost his interest in him,—who always bowed when they met, and respectfully called him "Patterson,"—watched

his conduct with profound curiosity. More than once the solitary one acted as if he desired to speak with him. But if the schoolmaster paused or turned aside, to afford him an opportunity, Yellow Jacket would suddenly give his head a sidelong toss, and stalk away.

But one evening Mr. Allerton saw him stop on the opposite side of a street, and look over at him. When the schoolmaster stopped, too, Yellow Jacket dropped his head and walked on.

"Patterson!" Mr. Allerton called. Yellow Jacket stopped again, but with his head down, and without looking around.

"I've thought for some time, Patterson," said Mr. Allerton, going over to him, "that I should like to have a little talk with you; and that perhaps you have something to say to me."

"I don't know as I've got anything to say to anybody," Yellow Jacket replied, with his eyes on the dust, which he began to kick with his toes.

"You ought to have. You seem to be very much alone lately. That is n't natural. I thought, at one time, you and I were going to become better acquainted," Mr. Allerton went on. "Come, let's take a little stroll together. I'll go your way, or will you go mine?"

"It does n't make any sort of difference to me which way I go," said Yellow Jacket.

Not a word more was spoken for a minute or two, as they walked side by side in the lonely but lovely country, under the twilight sky. Yellow Jacket, however, was inclined to walk fast and leave Mr. Allerton behind.

"What a pair of shoulders you have, Patterson!" said the schoolmaster. "You should have some occupation, to bring such muscles into play. How many days' work have you done this summer, Patterson?"

"Not many," muttered Yellow Jacket.

"You see," said Mr. Allerton, "my idea of somebody's keeping boats, and making a business of it, was n't a bad one. I never could understand why you did n't take it up. Do you think you could have got along in it any better than Toby has? I mean, without making so many enemies."

"I don't know. I could n't have built up such a business. I have n't got that sort of go in me," Yellow Jacket admitted.

"That's what I concluded; and that's why I suggested, after you had let the first chance pass by, that he should manage it and you should assist him. We both meant well by you, Patterson, though you have n't seemed to think so."

"Toby has said things to me that I can't get over," muttered Yellow Jacket.

But when Mr. Allerton urged him to name them he was ashamed to acknowledge what trifles had given him offense.

"Some boyish words, no doubt, which he was sorry for as soon as he had spoken them," said Mr. Allerton.

"I don't mind about 'em now," Yellow Jacket replied. "I like to see fair play."

"Do you think Toby has had fair play?"

"No, I don't! And that's what makes me mad!"

Yellow Jacket spoke impetuously, but suddenly paused, with a fierce downward fling of his head, as he quickened his pace.

"I'm glad to hear you say that," replied the schoolmaster. "It shows that I have n't misjudged you."

"I like fair play," Yellow Jacket repeated, sententiously, charging the words with a mysterious meaning.

"I believe you do, Patterson, and I believe that you, if anybody, can help Toby to get it."

Yellow Jacket gave a ferocious sort of laugh. "I guess I could if I should tell what I know!" he said quickly.

Ever since the fire, Toby and his friends had tried in vain to fix the responsibility upon the guilty parties. Suspicion was strong, but proof was lacking. That Yellow Jacket possessed the secret which would bring them to punishment and compensate Toby for his trouble and loss, Mr. Allerton had not the slightest doubt.

"And you are going to tell me, Patterson!"

"I don't know about that. I like fair play. But I don't want to have it said that I went back on my friends."

"Your friends! Do you fancy they really are your friends, Patterson?"

"I've been with 'em, all the same. I don't want to be called a traitor, though I like fair play."

"But you are going to tell me, Patterson."

You have been wishing to tell me for some time."

"I've thought he ought to know, and I could tell you better than I could anybody else. But mind you, Mr. Allerton, I ain't going to have folks p'int at me as a turncoat."

Yellow Jacket stopped and stood facing Mr. Allerton, speaking in a low, determined voice.

"Well, Patterson, I don't want you to do anything dishonorable. But don't let a false sense of obligation keep you from doing a simple act of justice. You owe that to Toby. What more do you owe to those who have injured him?"

"I don't owe 'em nothing!" said Yellow Jacket, emphatic with his double negatives. "All I ask is, that you won't give me away. Promise that, and I'll put Toby on the track of something that'll pay him a hundred times over for all the damage I've ever done him."

"If he can have that without your name being mentioned, of course I never will mention it. But I don't quite see how it can be."

"It can be, easy enough, Mr. Allerton. You won't need to lug me in. What I tell you will be its own proof. You know Tazwell is trying to buy Mrs. Trafford's lake-side lot?"

"Yes; he has been after it again very recently, and I believe she has about concluded to let him have it. She is to give him his answer to-morrow. But what has that to do with—"

"Why, that's it!" exclaimed Yellow Jacket. "I'm just in time!"

"Patterson! What do you mean?" exclaimed Mr. Allerton, who had not given that other secret a single thought.

"There's a mineral spring on that lot worth thousands of dollars. That's why Tazwell wants it."

Mr. Allerton was silent with astonishment.

"We fellows discovered it the day we had that row about the swallows. Somebody had dug out a hole in a wet place; I s'pose to get water to put out the fire. When we came along, that hole was a bubbling spring. 'It's a gold mine!' says Lick Stevens. 'It's reg'lar Vichy water!' says Tom Tazwell. He made Lick and me agree not to tell; and after his father had the water examined, he offered us twenty-five dollars apiece if we'd keep the

secret till he had bought the property—swindled the Widow Trafford, for that's what it amounts to," said Yellow Jacket.

"This is surely very important information, Patterson!"

"I know it. And I could n't stand by and see the game go on, without putting in a word; particularly after Toby was used so badly in the wharf business. What do I care for the twenty-five dollars? We just covered the hole up again, with sticks and brush; but the spring can't be stopped, as it was before. The water is running all down the ravine, and only a little digging is needed to make a splendid well. Now you've got my secret."

"But, Patterson!—the Traffords, as well as myself, will be very greatly obliged, but—I thought there was something else."

"Have n't I said enough?" replied Yellow Jacket, with a triumphant and cheerful manner, quite unlike his late remorseful behavior.

He was not without conscience, but he felt that he had now made up for all the evil he had done Toby.

"But there is one thing more you can and ought to tell. Who fired the wharf?"

Gloom fell again upon the wasp-catcher's countenance.

"I've given you somethin' to offset that, a hundred times over!"

So saying, Yellow Jacket dropped his head, and walked sullenly on. Mr. Allerton followed, but soon saw how vain it was to attempt to draw from him another word on the unpleasant subject.

CHAPTER XLV.

A YOUNG GIRL'S CONSCIENCE.

THE next day Toby and his friend visited the lake-side lot, reopened the spring, and brought away some bottles of the water.

Mrs. Trafford, convinced at last that she had been well advised when she declined Mr. Tazwell's proposals, now gave him her final answer. Although he had raised his bid to eight hundred dollars above what the property had cost her, he had not yet offered more than a third or a quarter of its probable value.

"There's no need of being in a hurry to sell it," said Toby.

However, he began to advertise it in a practical and inexpensive way. Whenever he had time in taking passengers across the lake, he would invite them to land at his lot, and visit the swallow-tree and the mineral spring.

Everybody praised the water; and everybody said, looking off upon the landscape and the lake, "What a magnificent site for a hotel!"

Toby's ambition was to see the hotel there, which would repay his mother for her losses in other transactions with Tazwell, and also increase the patronage of his boats.

"The hotel can be placed here, or anywhere below, on the slope," remarked Mr. Allerton. "The water can be carried down to an artificial fountain, in underground pipes."

The swallows took their flight to warmer skies, and summer tourists became scarce. But before hauling his boats up at the close of the season, Toby found that, notwithstanding his losses, he had made a clear profit of nearly two hundred dollars.

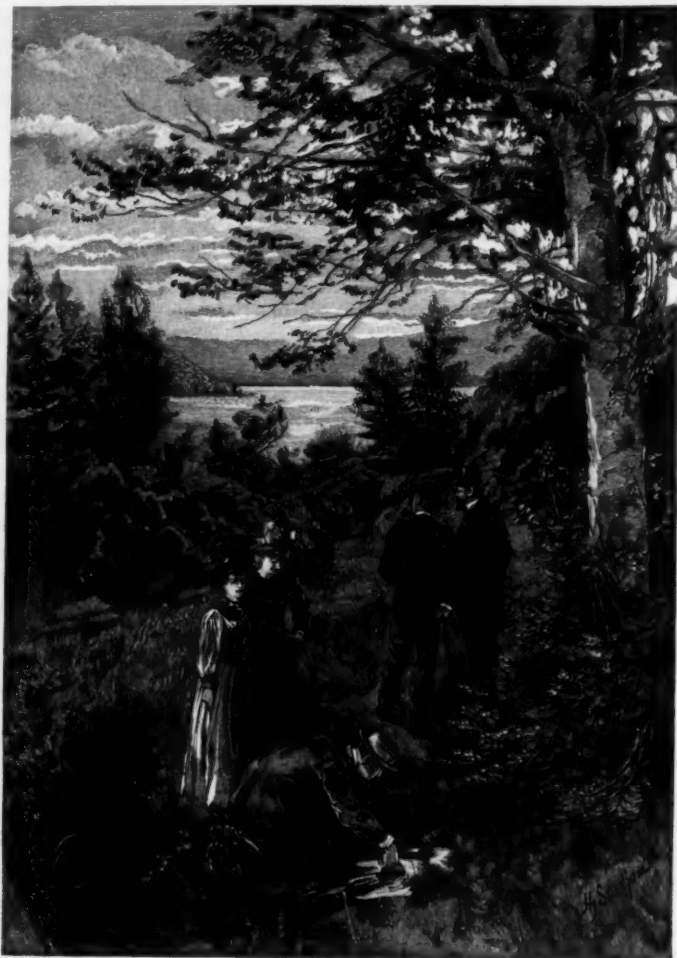
The outlook was bright for another year. There had been no second attack upon his wharf, and public opinion appeared to have come over permanently to his side.

One morning Milly took from the post-office the following note, written in a school-girl hand:

DEAREST MILLY, I love you as much as ever, but I cannot come and see you, and I know why you do not visit us any more. I have something very particular to

say to you for Toby, and if you or he will walk as far as the foot of our lane this evening, a little after sundown, I will meet you there, if I am not watched. BERTHA.

"If she is not watched!" said Milly. "What can that mean? And she cannot come and



TOBY TAKES HIS PASSENGERS TO VISIT THE SPRING.

see us! In fact, she has n't been here, Toby, since your wharf was burned; I've noticed that."

Yet there had been a time during his attempted negotiations for the lake-side lot when Mr. Tazwell had seemed to be glad of the friendship between his wife and daughter and the Traffords.

Milly and her brother went to keep the appointment with the young girl, for no misconduct on the part of her father or brother could prevent them from loving her.

They wandered along by the lake-shore, and soon saw her little hooded figure hurrying down the lane.

Bertha seemed pale and excited, and sadly changed from the merry, whistling child Toby had met that afternoon when she went with him and Tom for the boat-load of hay. How many things had happened since then!

"Oh, Milly! Oh, Toby!" she said, "I am wild to do this! And I am afraid it is dreadfully wrong. But I can't help it."

Her voice was broken by sobs that showed how much she had suffered from some inward struggle.

"Dear Bertha!" said Milly, putting both arms around her, "I think it is almost impossible for you knowingly to do wrong. You have such a good little heart!"

"He is my own brother!" Bertha went on, wiping her eyes and throwing back her hair under her hood. "He was dreadfully angry because I told you about his killing the swallows. But there are some things that ought to be known; and I told Tom I would tell you. How could I bear to have you or Mr. Allerton think I let the cat get the birds? But what I have to tell now is so much worse than that was! Shall I?"

"If you think we ought to know, tell us, certainly, Bertha; and we will take care that no wrong comes to you or to anybody for it," said Milly; while Toby stood by, with intense sympathy and interest, waiting for the narrative.

"You have never found out who burned your wharf and your boat," said Bertha, looking up at Toby.

"No," he said; "and that is the very thing I am most eager to know."

"I have known it ever since that first Sunday afterward, and I have felt, ever since, that I ought to tell you," said the poor child, clasping her hands nervously.

Milly strove to soothe and encourage her.

"That Sunday," she went on, after casting one timid look up the lane, "Aleck Stevens came to our house and had a long talk with Tom in

Tom's room. I can't tell you how it happened that I — I did n't mean to listen, but I was in the next room and I could not help hearing every word they said. It was n't Tom, and it was n't Aleck, that set the fire. It was John Ball, the boy they call Butter Ball. But they put him up to it. They laughed about him, and declared that they could put him up to anything."

"It is about as I expected," said Toby. "But there were more of the boys mixed up in the affair."

"Yes, two more," said Bertha; "and Tom and Aleck were saying they wished those two had stayed at home—Yellow Jacket and Bob Brunswick. They helped scatter the shavings over the wharf, but they would n't have anything to do with setting the fire. Tom was afraid they would tell, but Aleck said he knew how to shut their mouths. He seemed to consider it all a good joke; but Tom was troubled. I let them know I overheard them, and told them I would tell papa and you. Aleck laughed; but Tom said if I did he would do something to get even with me. But I went straight and told papa."

"And what did he say?"

"That the boys had done a very inconsiderate thing."

"Inconsiderate!" said Toby, with a scornful laugh.

"Oh, he was very angry with Tom," added Bertha. "But I felt as if I should never have another happy day in my life until I had told you."

"Thank you so much, dear," said Mildred, once more embracing poor Bertha. "But you know that you can depend upon us. Can't she, Toby?"

"Of course," said Toby. "I'm glad to know the truth. But I'd sooner see my worst enemies go unpunished than that any harm should come to you, Bertha!"

"Oh, thank you! I shall feel so much better! And now I must run home before they miss me."

The child gave Mildred a loving kiss, hurriedly held out her hand to Toby, and, with something between a laugh and a sob, hastened back up the lane.

CHAPTER XLVI.

BOB BRUNSWICK COMES TO GRIEF.

ON their way home Mildred and her brother met Mr. Allerton who was taking his evening walk. To him, as their best counselor and friend, they told what they had just learned from Bertha.

"No," said the teacher, thoughtfully, "it won't do to use her name in the matter, and for her sake I should hope there might be no great noise made about it. Yet those rogues deserve some retribution. Toby, leave this affair to me."

Parting with his friends at Toby's wharf, he continued his walk along by the lake, and soon knocked at Mr. Brunswick's door.

Saying that he wished to speak a word to the iceman, on business, he was ushered into a large kitchen, where he found the elder Bob smoking his pipe by the stove, while the younger Bob, on the other side of it, sat mending a braided whip.

Mr. Brunswick nodded without rising, and, giving a jerk with his thumb toward a vacant chair, invited the visitor to "sit down."

"Bout ice?" he said, poisoning his pipe, and giving Mr. Allerton an amiable grin.

"No, I've called to see you about something of an opposite nature," replied Mr. Allerton. "About fire. I want a little help from you in securing evidence against the boys who burned young Trafford's wharf."

"I should be glad to help you, Mr. Schoolmaster; for I consider that a most despicable thing and a disgrace to this town. But I don't see how I'm to furnish proofs."

Bob, who had looked up with interest from the whip he was rebraiding, to hear what the visitor had to say, dropped his eyes again, and plied his fingers with nervous haste.

"If you will ask your son here, perhaps he can help," said Mr. Allerton.

Bob looked scared, while Mr. Brunswick gave his chair a hitch so as to bring himself facing his visitor.

"This is a matter I don't want to hear any nonsense about!" said he. "'T ain't the first time I've heard Bob's name mentioned in the business; and if I find he had a hand in it, I

tell you—and I tell him—I'll make him sorry for it, with a vengeance!"

"I never touched a hand to it!" Bob exclaimed, with all the earnestness of fear.

"I know whose hand set it," said Mr. Allerton; "and I'm glad to say it was n't your son's. But *he* knows, too; and the safe course for him is to confess, and clear his own name, before it is too late. The boy who lighted the shavings was John Ball; is n't that so, Robert?"

Bob breathed hard, with wild eyes and parted lips, but did not reply.

"That's right; don't answer till you are convinced of what I know," Mr. Allerton continued. "The ringleaders who put the foolish fellow up to it were young Tazwell and the Stevens boy. But two others were present, and in one sense countenanced the affair, since they helped scatter the litter on the wharf, before it was set on fire."

"Was my boy one of them?"

"Ask him," said the schoolmaster.

There was a set expression in the jaws of the elder Brunswick, and an angry look came into his eyes as he arose and moved back his chair.

"Bob!" said he, "what do you say to that?"

Bob was dumb. His hand dropped by his side. The whip he was mending lay across his knee with the butt resting on the floor.

Rising suddenly, Mr. Brunswick took the whip, and grasped his son by the shoulder. He had lost all control of his temper.

Bob was pushed from his chair by the sudden grasp, and was thoroughly frightened.

"Father," he cried, "don't touch me! I'll tell all I know."

"That's just what we want!" said his father, raising the boy to his feet, and flinging the whip into the corner, lest he should, in his wrath, be tempted to use it.

"We all scattered it," said the culprit; "though I don't know as Tom did, he kept watch—just to play a trick on Toby. But when Lick says to Butter Ball, 'Touch a match to it and see the fun!' and Tom gave him some matches, then Yellow Jacket and me, we backed out."

"Bob," said his father, slowly, "I'm ashamed of you. I did n't think you'd be a sneak! Why did n't you tell me of this?"

"Because I was afraid of what Lick Stevens or Tom would do," Bob confessed.

Then Mr. Allerton interrupted. "I would like to ask your son a question. I wish to know if he will stand by the statements he has made, when called upon."

"If he lives and I live," said Mr. Brunswick, "he 'll do jest that, every time! He owes nothin' to those fellows! The idee of his goin' with that Tazwell cur, anyway, and barkin' for him,—I never believed a boy of mine would be such a dolt! Let the truth come out, I say, pinch where it will!"



MR. BRUNSWICK LOSES HIS TEMPER.

"Mr. Brunswick," said Mr. Allerton, "you're an honest man!"

So saying, he put on his hat and departed.

CHAPTER XLVII.

"TO SEE JUSTICE DONE."

MR. ALLERTON next called upon the Ball family, and, armed with Bob's confession, extorted from John (better known to us as Butter Ball) an acknowledgment of his own share in the outrage.

It was impossible not to pity the afflicted parents, and even the poor tool himself.

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"How could you, how could you, John?" moaned his mother.

"They made me do it," he pleaded. "They kept telling me the wharf had no right to be there, and anybody could tear it away or burn it up. But I did n't know that the boats were under it!"

"I trust you will be as easy with him as you can," said the mother, in a voice broken by grief and shame; "for in some things, we're obliged to admit, our John is n't over-and-above bright."

"It's our fault more than his, maybe," said the father. "We ought to have prevented him from going out nights, and have kept him out of idle company."

"Let us hope this exposure may prove a good thing for him, after all," replied the teacher, closing his note-book; "and that it may be the means of breaking up a gang of idlers who are the pest of the village. For the sake of innocent relatives, I shall try to avoid making a public scandal of the matter. But it seems no more than just that Tobias should receive some compensation for his losses."

"You're right," said Mr. Ball. "I'm not a rich man, but I am willing to stand any reasonable amount as our share of damages. And I'll do what I ought to get our boy out of the trouble that we should never have let him get into."

Mr. Allerton's interview with Aleck Stevens's father was hardly less distressing. He found the clergyman alone in his study, and there laid the unpleasant business before him.

The good minister heard the story with sorrow and mortification; but he was not greatly surprised.

"I have suspected it all along," he said. "If any such mischief is afoot, Aleck is sure to be

in it. He has no excuse; or only one—he has no mother. I have done my best to discipline him, but in vain. Nobody knows,” he groaned, “nobody without the experience can possibly ever know, what it is to have an undutiful son!”

Mr. Allerton wished the boy himself might have heard the tone in which these words were spoken.

“Tobias must be recompensed,” the minister went on. “To pay my share, I will cut off my son’s allowance, and make the retribution fall in part where it belongs.”

The next day, after consulting with Toby and his mother, Mr. Allerton called on Mr. Tazwell in his office.

The merchant received him with extreme politeness, and asked to what he was indebted for the honor of the visit.

Mr. Allerton put down his hat, arranged his lock of hair, and laid on the merchant’s desk the following bill of items:

Thomas Tazwell, Jr., to Tobias Trafford,	Dr.
For 1 Wharf destroyed by fire	\$25 00
“ 1 Boat “	25 00
“ 1 Mast and Sail, etc. “	10 00
“ Incidental damages	40 00
Total	\$100 00

The old shrug came into the Tazwell shoulders, and the polite smile congealed.

“I don’t understand this, Mr. Allerton.”

“Perhaps something I have in my note-book here will serve to enlighten you.”

And Mr. Allerton read the statements of Robert Brunswick and John Ball.

“The bill is made out to your son,” he added; “but I thought it proper to present it to you.”

“And what interest have you in the affair?”

The merchant had ceased to smile. He fixed a keen eye on his visitor.

“The mast and sail were borrowed of me. More than that, I am a friend to Tobias, and have undertaken to see justice done him.”

“I never will pay that bill in this world!” Tazwell declared.

Mr. Allerton folded the bill, patted his top-knot, and took up his hat.

“Good day, Mr. Tazwell.”

“One moment! Understand me,” said the merchant.

“I understand you to say you will not pay the bill,” replied the schoolmaster, standing erect and resolute, in his buttoned blue frock-coat; “it is something I shall not ask you twice to do. It is an honest claim and one that can be legally enforced.”

“It is an atrocious claim!” said the merchant.

Mr. Allerton replied: “The fire was an outrage, and your son was the chief instigator of the mischief.”

“The wharf was a public nuisance; and though it may have been mistaken zeal on the part of those who burnt it, nobody can blame them much,” argued Tom’s father.

“The parents of the other boys take a different view of the matter,” said Mr. Allerton. “This malicious burning of property is a criminal offense, Mr. Tazwell.”

He was going again.

“Allow me to look at the bill once more,” said the merchant. “I may be willing to pay something, but this is exorbitant.”

“Not at all. The property destroyed is placed at its actual value. And you must admit that one hundred dollars is a small sum for the actual damage, the trouble, inconvenience, and loss of time caused by such an attack upon the boy and his business.”

“But he sends me the bill for the entire amount.”

“Because your son is held chiefly responsible. However, if you decide to pay one half, I have no doubt Mr. Stevens and Mr. Ball will make up the other half. As for Josiah Patterson and Robert Brunswick, although they were present and knew of the mischief, they were opposed to setting the fire.”

“I can do nothing without first consulting the other parties,” said the merchant finally.

“It will be proper for you to do so,” replied Mr. Allerton, who thereupon took his leave, having accomplished in the interview quite as much as he expected.

How the matter was arranged between Tom’s father and the fathers of Aleck and Butter Ball, Toby never precisely knew. But one thing was certain: within three days he received a check from Mr. Tazwell for the full amount of the bill.

(To be concluded.)

THE OLD CLOCK'S STORY:



BY ANNIE L. HYDE.

LITTLE JOHNNY never liked to go to bed.

The fact is, there never was a little boy who was sorer than he was when the clock struck eight, and he was told it was bedtime.

"It's always eight o'clock just as we're having the most fun!" he would say, and beg for just a few moments more of play with Bob or sister Emily, who were much older than he and were allowed to sit up longer.

But all the begging and coaxing were of no avail; the big old clock on the stairs had certainly struck eight loud enough for all to hear, and to bed he must certainly go.

"I tell you what, old fellow," said he to the clock, one evening as he was on his way upstairs, "you're the greatest bother in the house! You make more noise when it's eight o'clock than we children do at blindman's-buff down-stairs, and I think if you can't be quieter, you'd better just leave and go somewhere else! Do you hear?" But the old clock ticked on as loudly as ever, and Johnny thought he saw a sort of smile on its big round face. He sat down on the stairs opposite to have a good look. Yes, there certainly was a smile, and, what was stranger still, the loud ticking as he listened sounded like words, and gradually he could hear whole sentences in rhyme, something like this: "Strange you never—hear me striking, telling you—it's growing late! Don't you know you're very sleepy, and I've told you it is eight?"

"Dear me, how very strange!" said little Johnny. "You're the funniest old clock I ever did see. I didn't know you could talk."

Then the clock replied: "Ah! you never stop to listen though I call you every day, in the morning for your lessons, in the evening from your play. All day long I stand here calling, if you children would but heed. Sometimes when they do not listen it is very bad indeed!"

"Why?" asked little Johnny. The clock went on: "Once I heard a dreadful story of a boy so fond of play, he would never hear us calling, never wanted to obey."

"Tell me all about him," said little Johnny, deeply interested.

"Far away from here it happened, in the land where I was born. All the week he played and shouted, gathered poppies in the corn, climbed the trees for nuts and apples, helped the farmer toss the hay, chased the butterflies and rabbits all the golden summer day. But when rang the village school-bells, calling, calling far and wide, and the bright-faced village children laid their toys and games aside, he was crying, pouting, scolding, 'No, he would n't, should n't go,' till at last his gentle mother, grieved and weary, left him so."

"What a very naughty boy!" said little Johnny.

"Loud the kitchen clock was calling, 'Hurry, hurry, do not stay! Still there's time for you to catch them; run and join them while you may!' My, how loud that clock was ticking! But he

did n't stop to hear, singing, dancing through the meadows without thought of care or fear. Now the bells had all done tolling, they had closed, the school-house door, still he seemed to hear that ticking even louder than before. Then he looked behind—oh, horror!—and his very heart stood still, for the kitchen clock was following, jumping, bumping down the hill!"

"Oh, how dreadful!" said little Johnny.

"Fast he flew across the meadow, climbed the fence and leaped the brook; but he knew the clock was following, though he dared not stop to look. Louder, louder came the ticking; faster flew the frightened child—stumbling, falling through the hedges, over thorns and brambles wild!"

"I'd like to have seen 'em!" said Johnny.

"When at last, all worn and tired, the poor child could run no more, then he saw that he was standing just beside the school-house door.

Ah, how glad he was to enter and to study with the rest, for the ticking would not follow if he only did his best!"

"I'm glad he got rid of the horrid old thing!" said little Johnny.

"Ah, but he had learned a lesson! When the bells rang loud and clear, who of all the village children was so quick as he to hear? And, whatever he was doing, at his work or at his play, when the clock struck he would listen, glad and ready to obey. Now, my boy, if you don't listen when I tell you it is eight, I'll come ticking, whirring, jumping!"—

"Why, my dear little boy, here you are asleep on the stairs and the clock striking nine!" Little Johnny sat up and rubbed his eyes, and looked very hard at his mama and then at the clock; but the steady old timepiece was looking as it always did and ticking as soberly as ever.

TEE-WAHN FOLK-LORE.

BY CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

INTRODUCTORY.



FANCY that if almost any of us were asked, "When did people begin to make fairy stories?" our first thought would be, "Why, of course, after mankind had become civilized, and had invented writing." But in truth the making of myths, which is no more than a dignified name for "fairy stories," dates back to the childhood of the human race.

Long before Cadmus invented letters (and I fear Cadmus himself was as much of a myth as was his dragon's-teeth harvest), long before there were true historians or poets, there were fairy stories

and story-tellers. And to-day, if we would seek the place where fairy stories flourish, we must go, not to the nations of the Grimms and the Andersens and the countless educated minds that are now devoted to story-telling for the young, but to races which have no books, no magazines, no alphabets—even no pictures.

Of all the native peoples that remain in North America, none is richer in folk-lore than the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico, who are, I believe, next to the largest of the native races left in the United States. They number nine thousand souls. They have nineteen cities (called pueblos, also) in this Territory, and seven in Arizona; and each has its little outlying colonies. They are not cities in size, it is true, for the largest (Zuñi) has only fifteen hundred people, and the smallest only about one hundred; but cities they are, nevertheless. And each city, with its fields, is a wee republic—twenty-six of the smallest, and

perhaps the oldest, republics in the world, for they were already such when the first European eyes saw America. Each has its governor, its council, its sheriffs, war-captains, and other officials who are elected annually; its laws, unwritten but unalterable, which are more respected and better enforced than the laws of any American community; its permanent and very comfortable houses, and its broad fields, confirmed first by Spain and later by patents of the United States.

The architecture of the pueblo houses is quaint and characteristic. In the remote pueblos they are as many as six stories in height—built somewhat in the shape of an enormous terraced pyramid. The Pueblos along the Rio Grande, however, have felt the influence of Mexican customs, and their houses have but one and two stories. All their buildings, including the huge, quaint church which each pueblo has, are made of stone plastered with adobe mud, or of great, sun-dried bricks of adobe. They are the most comfortable dwellings in the southwest—cool in summer and warm in winter.

The Pueblos are divided into six tribes, each speaking a quite distinct language of its own. Isleta, the quaint village where I live, in an Indian house, with Indian neighbors, and under Indian laws, is the southernmost of the pueblos, the next largest of them all, and the chief city of the Tee-wahn race.* All the languages of the Pueblo tribes are exceedingly difficult to learn.

Besides the cities now inhabited, the ruins of about fifteen hundred other pueblos—and some of them the noblest ruins in the country—dot the brown valleys and rocky mesa-tops of New Mexico. All these ruins are of stone, and are extremely interesting. The implacable savages by whom they were surrounded made necessary the abandonment of hundreds of pueblos.

The Pueblo Indians have for nearly two centuries given almost no trouble to the European sharers of their domain; but their wars of defense against the savage tribes who surrounded them completely, with the Apaches, Navajos, Comanches, and Utes, lasted until a very few years ago. They are valiant fighters for their homes, but prefer any honorable peace. They are not indolent, but industrious—tilling their farms, tending their stock, and keeping all

their affairs in order. The women own the houses and their contents, and do not work outside; and the men control the fields and crops. An unhappy home is almost an unknown thing among them; and the universal affection of parents for children and respect of children for parents are extraordinary. I have never seen a child unkindly treated, a parent saucily addressed, or a playmate abused, in all my long and intimate acquaintance with the Pueblos.

Isleta lies on the Atlantic and Pacific Railroad, upon the western bank of the Rio Grande, on a lava promontory which was once an island—whence the town takes its Spanish name. Its Tee-wahn title is Shee-ah-whfb-bak. Its population, according to the census taken last year, is a little less than twelve hundred. It is nearly surrounded by fertile vineyards, orchards of peaches, apricots, apples, cherries, plums, pears, and quinces, and fields of corn, wheat, beans, and peppers, all owned by my dusky neighbors. The pueblo owns over one hundred and ten thousand acres of land, a part of which is reserved for pasturing horses and cattle.

The people of Isleta are, as a rule, rather short in stature, but strongly built. All have a magnificent depth and breadth of chest, and a beautifully confident poise of the head. Most of the men are wonderfully expert hunters, tireless runners, and fine horsemen. Besides ordinary hunting they have general hunts—for rabbits in the spring, for antelope and deer in the fall—thoroughly organized, in which vast quantities of game are killed.

Their amusements are many and varied. Aside from the numerous sacred dances of the year, their most important occasions, they have various races which call for great skill and endurance, quaint social enjoyments, and games of many kinds, some of which are quite as difficult as chess. They are very fair weavers and pottery-makers. The women are good housewives, and most of them excellent seamstresses.

Yet, with all this progress in civilization, despite their mental and physical acuteness and their excellent moral qualities, the Tee-wahn are in some things but overgrown children. Their religion is one of the most complicated systems on earth. Besides the highest deities, all the force of nature, all animals, as well as many things

* Spelled Tiguan by Spanish authors.

that are inanimate, are invested by them with supernatural powers. They do not worship idols, but images and tokens of unseen powers are revered. They do nothing without some reason, generally a religious one, and whatever they observe they can explain in their own superstitious way. Every custom they have and every belief they own has a reason which to them is all-sufficient; and for each they have a story. There is no duty to which a Pueblo child is trained in which he has to be content with the bare command, "Do thus"; for each he learns a fairy tale designed to explain how people first came to know that it was right to do thus, and detailing the sad results which befell those who did otherwise.

It is from this wonderful folk-lore of the Tee-wahn that I have learned—after long study of the people, their language, customs, and myths—and taken, unchanged and unembellished, this series of Indian fairy-tales.

The use of books is not only to tell, but to preserve; not only for to-day, but for ever. What

portance with natives. Upon it depends the preservation of the amusements, the history, the beliefs, the customs, and the laws of their race. A people less observant, less accurate of speech and of memory, would make a sad failure of this sort of record; but with them it is a wonderful success. The story goes down from generation to generation, almost without the change of a word.

Here in Isleta, the quaint pueblo of the Tee-wahn where I am living, I have become deeply interested not only in the folk-stories themselves, but also in the manner of handing them down. Winter is the season for story-telling. Then the thirsty fields no longer cry for water, the irrigating-ditches have ceased to gnaw at their banks, and the men are often at leisure. Then, of an evening, if I go over to visit some *vecino* (neighbor), I am likely to find, in the great adobe living-room, a group of very old men and very young boys gathered about the queer little corner fireplace with its blazing upright sticks.



"AS I COME IN, KINDLY OLD TATA LORENZO IS JUST BEGINNING A STORY."

an Indian wishes to perpetuate must be saved by tongue and ear, by "telling-down," as were the world's first histories and poems. This oral transmission from father to son is of sacred im-

portance. They, too, have come a-visiting. The young men are gathered in another corner by themselves, eating roasted corn, and talking in whispers so as not to disturb their elders, for respect

to age is the corner-stone of all Indian training. They are not required to listen to the stories, being supposed to know them already.

As I come in, kindly old *Tata* (grandfather) Lorenzo is just beginning a story in the musical Tee-wahn, and one of the boys runs to bring me a little hewn wooden stool that I may join the

circle. Lorenzo pauses to make a cigarette from the material in my pouch (they call me *Por todos*, because I have tobacco "for all"), explains for my benefit that this is a story of the beginning of Isleta, pats the head of the chubby boy at his knee, and begins again. I give as literal a translation as is possible.



THE ANTELOPE BOY.

ONCE upon a time there were two towns of the Tee-wahn, called *Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee* (white village) and *Nah-choo-rée-too-ee* (yellow village). A man of *Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee* and his wife were attacked by Apaches while out on the plains one day, and took refuge in a cave, where they were besieged. And there a boy was born to them. The father was killed in an attempt to return to his village for help; and starvation finally forced the mother to crawl forth by night seeking roots to eat. Chased by the Apaches, she escaped to her own village, and it was several days before she could return to the cave—only to find it empty.

The baby had begun to cry soon after her departure. Just then a coyote [the small prairie-wolf] was passing, and heard. Taking pity on the child, he picked it up and carried it across the plain until he came to a herd of antelopes. Among them was a mother antelope that had lost her fawn; and going to her the coyote said:

"Here is an *ah-bóo* (poor thing) that is left by its people. Will you take care of it?"

The mother antelope, remembering her own baby, with tears said "Yes," and at once adopted the tiny stranger, while the coyote thanked her and went home.

So the boy became as one of the antelopes, and grew up among them until he was about twelve years old. Then it happened that a hunter came out from *Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee* for antelopes, and found this herd. Stalking them carefully, he shot one with an arrow. The rest started off, running like the wind; but ahead of them all, as long as they were in sight, he saw a boy! The hunter was much surprised, and, shouldering his game, walked back to the village deep in thought. Here he told the *cacique* [who is the priest or religious head of the town] what he had seen. Next day the crier was sent out to call upon all the people to prepare for a great hunt, in four days, to capture the Indian boy who lived with the antelopes.

While preparations were going on in the village, the antelopes in some way heard of the

intended hunt and its purpose. The mother antelope was very sad when she heard it, and at first would say nothing. But at last she called her adopted son to her and said: "Son, you have heard that the people of Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee are coming to hunt. But they will not kill us; all they wish is to take you. They will surround us, intending to let all the antelopes escape from the circle. You must follow me where I break through the line, and your real mother will be coming on the northeast side in a white *manta* (robe). I will pass close to her, and you must stagger and fall where she can catch you."

On the fourth day all the people went out upon the plains. They found and surrounded the herd of antelopes, which ran about in a circle when the hunters closed upon them. The circle grew smaller, the antelopes began to break through, but the hunters paid no attention to them, keeping their eyes upon the boy. At last he and his antelope mother were the only ones left, and when she broke through the line on the northeast he followed her and fell at the feet of his own human mother, who sprang forward and clasped him in her arms.

Amid great rejoicing he was taken to Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee, and there he told the *principales* [the old men of the town] how he had been left in the cave, how the coyote had pitied him, and how the mother antelope had reared him as her own son.

It was not long before all the country round about heard of the Antelope Boy and of his marvelous fleetness of foot. You must know that the antelopes never comb their hair, and while among them the boy's head had grown very bushy. So the people called him *Ple-hleh-o-wah-wée-deh* (big-headed little boy).

Among the other villages that heard of his prowess was Nah-choo-rée-too-ee, all of whose

people "had the bad road" [that is, were thought witches]. They had a wonderful runner named *Ple-k'hoo* (Deer-foot) and very soon they sent a challenge to Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee for a championship race. Four days were to be given for preparation, to make bets, and the like. The race



THE COYOTE CARRIES THE BABY TO THE ANTELOPE MOTHER.

was to be around the world [the Pueblos believed it was an immense plain whereon the racers were to race over a square course—to the extreme east, then to the extreme north, and so on back to the starting-point]. Each village was to stake all its property and the lives of all its

people on the result of the race. So powerful were the witches of Nah-choo-rée-too-ee that they felt safe in proposing so serious a stake; and the people of Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee were ashamed to decline the challenge.

The day came, and the starting-point was

surrounded by all the people of the two villages, dressed in their best. On each side were a huge pile of ornaments and dresses, stores of grain, and all the other property of the people. The runner for the Yellow Village was a tall, sinewy athlete, strong in his early manhood; and when the Antelope Boy appeared for the other side, the witches set up a howl of derision, and began to strike their rivals and jeer at them, saying, "Pooh! We might as well begin to kill you now! What can that *óo-deh* (little thing) do?"

At the word "*Hái-ko!*" ("Go!") the two runners started toward the east like the wind. The Antelope Boy soon forged ahead; but Deerfoot, by his witchcraft, changed himself into a hawk and flew lightly over the lad, saying, "*We* do this way to each other!"* The Antelope Boy kept running, but his heart was very heavy, for he knew that no feet could equal the swift flight of the hawk.

But just as he came half-way to the east, a mole came up from its burrow and said:

"My son, where are you going so fast with a sad face?"

The lad explained that the race was for the property and lives of all his people; and that the witch-runner had turned to a hawk and left him far behind.

"Then, my son," said the mole, "I will be he that shall help you. Only sit down here a little while, and I will give you something to carry."

The boy sat down, and the mole dived into the hole, but soon came back with four cigarettes [These are made by putting a certain weed into hollow reeds].

Holding them out, the mole said, "Now, my son, when you have reached the east and turn north, smoke one; when you have reached the north and turn west, smoke another; when you turn south, another, and when you turn east again, another. *Hái-ko!*"

The boy ran on, and soon reached the east. Turning his face to the north he smoked the first cigarette. No sooner was it finished than he became a young antelope; and at the same instant a furious rain began. Refreshed by the cool drops, he started like an arrow from the

bow. Half-way to the north he came to a large tree; and there sat the hawk, drenched and chilled, unable to fly, and crying piteously.

"Now, friend, *we* too do this to each other," called the boy-antelope as he dashed past. But just as he reached the north, the hawk—which had become dry after the short rain—caught up and passed him, saying, "We too do this to each other!" The boy-antelope turned westward, and smoked the second cigarette; and at once another terrific rain began.† Half-way to the west he again passed the hawk shivering and crying in a tree, and unable to fly; but as he was about to turn to the south, the hawk passed him with the customary taunt. The smoking of the third cigarette brought another storm, and again the antelope passed



RAIN FALLS ON TEE-K'HOO.

the wet hawk half-way, and again the hawk dried its feathers in time to catch up and pass him as he was turning to the east for the home-stretch. Here again the boy-antelope stopped and smoked a cigarette—the fourth and last.

* A common Indian taunt, either good-natured or bitter, to the loser of a game or to a conquered enemy.

† I should state, by the way, that the cigarette plays an important part in the Pueblo folk-stories,—they never had the pipe of the Northern Indians,—and all rain-clouds are supposed to come from its smoke.

Again a short, hard rain came, and again he passed the water-bound hawk half-way.

Knowing the witchcraft of their neighbors, the people of Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee had made the condition that, in whatever shape the racers

they have made the customary response, "Is that so?" to show their attention; while the old men have nodded approbation, and smoked in deep silence.

Now Lorenzo turns to Desiderio, who is



"THE TWO RUNNERS CAME SWEEPING DOWN THE HOME-STRETCH, STRAINING EVERY NERVE."

might run the rest of the course, they must resume human form upon arrival at a certain hill upon the fourth turn, which was in sight of the goal. The last wetting of the hawk's feathers delayed it so that the antelope reached the hill just ahead; and there, resuming their natural shapes, the two runners came sweeping down the home-stretch, straining every nerve. But the Antelope Boy gained at each stride. When they saw him, the witch people felt confident that he was their champion, and again began to push, and taunt, and jeer at the others. But when the little Antelope Boy sprang lightly across the line, far ahead of Deer-foot, their joy turned to mourning.

The people of Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee burned all the witches upon the spot, in a great pile of corn; but somehow one escaped, and from him come all the witches that trouble us to this day.

The property they had won was taken to Nah-bah-tóo-too-ee; and as it was more than that village could hold, the surplus was sent to Sheeah-whib-bahk (Isleta), where we enjoy it to this day; and later the people themselves moved here. And even now, when we dig in that little hill on the other side of the *charco* (pool), we find charred corn-cobs, where our forefathers burned the witch-people of the Yellow Village.

During Lorenzo's story the black eyes of the boys have never left his face; and at every pause

far more wrinkled even than he,—it is a mystery that those countless furrows can play across his shriveled face without crowding one another off,—and says, "You have a tale, brother." And Desiderio, clearing his throat and making a new cigarette with great impressiveness, begins: "My sons, do you know why the coyote and the crows are always at war? No? Then I will tell you."

THE COYOTE AND THE CROWS.

ONCE on a time many crows lived in the edge of some woods. A little out into the plain stood a very large tree, with much sand under it. One day a coyote was passing, and heard the crows singing and dancing under this tree, and came up to watch them. They were dancing in a circle, and each crow had upon his back a large bag.

"Crow-friends, what are you doing?" asked the coyote, who was much interested.

"Oh, we are dancing with our mothers," said the crows.

"How pretty! And will you let me dance, too?" asked the coyote of the *too-whit-lah-wid-deh* crow (captain of the dance).

"Oh, yes," replied the crow. "Go and put your mother in a bag, and come to the dance."

The coyote went running home. There his old mother was sitting in the corner of the fire-

place. The stupid coyote picked up a stick and struck her on the head, and put her in a bag, and hurried back to the dance with her.

The crows were dancing merrily, and singing: "*Ai nana, que-ée-rah, que-ée-rah.*" ("Alas, Mama! you are shaking, you are shaking!") The coyote joined the dance, with the bag on his back, and sang as the crows did:

"*Ai nana, que-ée-rah, que-ée-rah.*" [*Ai nana* is an exclamation always used by mourners.]

But at last the crows burst out laughing, and said, "What do you bring in your bag?"

"My mother, as you told me," replied the coyote, showing them.

Then the crows emptied their bags, which were filled with nothing but sand, and flew up into the tree, laughing.

The coyote then saw that they had played him a trick, and started home, crying "*Ai nana!*"

When he got home he took his mother from the bag and tried to set her up in the chimney-corner, always crying, "*Ai nana*, why don't you sit up as before?" But she could not, for she was dead. When he found that she could not sit up any more, he vowed to follow the crows and eat them all the rest of his life; and from that day to this he has been hunting them, and they are always at war.

As Desiderio concluded, the old men hitched their blankets around their shoulders. "No more stories to-night?" I asked; and Lorenzo said:

"*In-dáh* (no). Now it is to go to bed. *Tòo-kwai* (come)," he said to the boys. "Good night, friends. Another time, perhaps."

And we filed out through the low door into the starry night.

(To be continued.)



LAST DAYS AT THE SEA-SHORE.



TIMOTHY

By *Helen Gray Cone.*

TIMOTHY grows in the tangle tall
Between the road and the gray stone wall;
From its long green stalks upreaching high
Its long green fingers point to the sky;
And some turn purple, and some look tanned
To a ruddy brown, like a sunburned hand.

Bending and beckoning, to and fro,
As the breeze runs by through the clovers low,
And the redtop ripples, feathery-fine,
And the daisies shake and the buttercups shine,
Stirring whenever the light wind blows,
Under the warm sky Timothy grows.



Timothy goes where the blown grass bows,
Sturdily trudging behind the cows;
His hard little feet are red and bare,
And his brown face laughs 'neath his tow-white
hair.

As blue are his round eyes, boyish-quick,
As the ripe blue berries he stops to pick;
And his few front teeth are sharp and small,
Like the chipmunk's he chases along the wall.

And whistling and following over the hill,
While the cow-bells clink in the evening still,
Where in the tangle his namesake grows,
Under the bright sky Timothy goes.

CATCHING TERRAPIN.

BY ALFRED KAPPES.

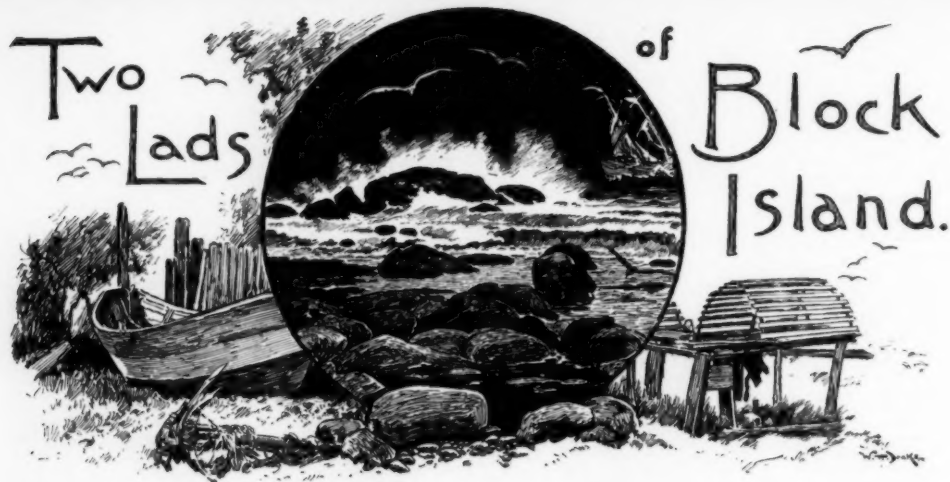


IN the shoal waters along the coast south of Cape Henlopen, terrapin are caught in various ways. Dredges dragged along in the wake of a sailing vessel pick them up. Nets stretched across some narrow arm of river or bay entangle the feet of any stray terrapin in their meshes; but these require the constant attendance of the fisherman to save the catch from drowning. In the winter, in the deeper water, the terrapin rise from their muddy quarters on mild sunny days and crawl along the bottom. They are then taken by tongs, their whereabouts being often betrayed by bubbles.

The method shown in the drawing is resorted to only in the spring and in water not over a foot or two in depth. Turtles will rise at any noise, and usually the fisherman only claps his hands,

though each hunter has his own way of attracting the terrapin. One hunter whom I saw when I made the drawing uttered a queer guttural noise that seemed to rise from his boots.

Whatever the noise, all turtles within hearing—whether terrapin or “snapper”—will put their heads above water. Both are welcome and are quickly sold to the market-men. The snapper slowly appears and disappears, leaving scarcely a ripple; and the hunter cautiously approaching usually takes him by the tail. The terrapin, on the contrary, is quick, and will descend in an oblique direction, so that a hand-net is needed unless he happens to come up near by. If he is near enough the man jumps for him. The time for hunting is the still hour at either sunrise or sunset.



BY SARAH J. PRICHARD.

ON Block Island, a hundred years and more ago, there was living a retired sea-captain, named Milo Merritt. This Captain Merritt was the unconscious cause of some strange and peculiar happenings.

Having been compelled to leave the sea at a time when his love for old ocean was at the strongest, he never tired of talking about it. Ever good-tempered, with a vivid imagination and keen interest in all things past and present, he was the idol of the boys who flocked to his cabin to hear something new.

Poor lads of Block Island! They had not much in their hard, plain lives to satisfy the natural longing for pleasant places and bright living.

One December afternoon, two boys, Casper Lee and Peter Downs, lingered in the low, snug cabin of Captain Merritt to hear the last of a thrilling story of a run from the pirates off some foreign coast.

The imagination of the old captain filled up the dim places in the narrative with lurid light, and scenes of the most stirring action crept into the story with wonderful frequency.

The driftwood fire burned itself to embers, and was forgotten until Mrs. Merritt looked into the room.

"What in the world does this mean?" she said in sober tones. "You, a-sitting right here be-

fore your own hearth and a-letting every mite of fire go out? It's time, captain, that these boys went home. They've nigh two mile to go, and it a-growing dark fast."

"So 't is," said Captain Merritt, dropping his right arm, so lately involved in action on the high seas, and glancing oceanward.

"Come, come, boys," he urged; "get off with you, right away. It'll be pitch-dark in no time, and you've got to fight every blessed inch of your way across to-night."

"We know the way well enough," said Peter Downs.

"There's no hurry at all," chimed in Casper Lee. "We want to know whether the man caught hold in time —"

"Milo," cried Mrs. Merritt, "if you tell these boys another word, I'll —"

Captain Merritt did not await his deserts. He firmly declined to tell another detail, and sent the boys on their way, bidding them make good time for the meeting-house. "If you get there before dark you'll be all right," he assured the lads as they set off.

"Block Island's no place at all!" cried Peter, between two breathings of the gale that whirled the sand about their feet as they went onward.

"How on earth, Pete, are we ever to get away?" questioned Casper. "Captain Merritt

will never sail any more; he could n't tread a deck now to save his life; and, just as like as not, if he *could*, he would n't take us."

"S'pose not!" ejaculated Peter, and then the lads, with bent heads, plodded their way through the blowing sand toward their homes, in silence but with busy thoughts.

Casper's thinking culminated in the words:

"I say, Peter Downs, there's only *one way to do!* If you and I are ever to get to sea we shall have to run away."

"Yes," assented Peter. "No ships worth anything will ever come in here if they can help themselves. We've got to go to the ships. And we can't get to them without a boat, anyhow," continued Peter, "and you *know* we have n't a boat and no chance to get one, unless, Casper, a ship *should* wreck ashore, as ships used to do. Then, I s'pose," he went on with increased hope, "if we could find a small boat, 't would be ours as much as anybody's."

"Small chance of that happening, out of one of Captain Merritt's stories," observed Casper.

"Well, you never can tell what's coming," remarked Peter, "—though I should say that that's a lantern light ahead!"

The rays that shot through the tiny slits in the tin of a lantern did not give much light, but the boys, accustomed to the gathering gloom, soon discovered a group of men in front of a little store where groceries, dry-goods, and West India products were sold.

"What's happened?" asked Casper, stepping briskly into the group, as fresh as if he had not been breasting a furious wind for the last hour.

But Peter, catching sight of his father standing in the dim light of the store-door, shot off homeward, to escape censure for being out so long after dark.

Not many minutes later, Casper followed Peter, to tell him what was at that moment about to happen on Block Island.

Cautiously looking in through the many-paned window of the kitchen, Casper saw his friend sitting alone at a little round table, eating his supper.

The red glow of the peat-fire on the hearth, with the feeble rays of a candle, made the room seem full of light and warmth to the lad look-

ing in, and the lad he looked upon seemed innocent of any intent other than eating his supper.

Casper tapped upon the pane. Peter turned pale with fear. Who could be about knocking at windows on such a night? Not his mother, who had placed her truant boy's supper on the table, lighted a candle for him, and then gone to meeting. Not his father, for Peter knew he was at that minute at the little store. He had not long to wonder, for the breezy voice of his friend Casper called, "Let me in, Pete!"

Peter hastened to open the door, and, with face elate with eagerness, Casper Lee came in.

"Anybody here?" he asked, advancing to the table, and seizing as he did so a generous slice of rye-bread.

"Only you and me," answered Peter; "I thought you'd go right on home."

"I was going home," said Casper, "but thought I'd come and tell you the news."

"News?" said Peter. "What news?"

"Give a fellow a drink of milk and I'll tell," said Casper, smiling.

"Here! Take my cup. There's plenty more in the buttery. Mother's gone to meeting, I s'pose. It's meeting night, and I forgot all about being at home in time to milk the cow," explained Peter.

"I wonder whether you'd have had supper all ready for her, if she'd gone and forgotten you," said Casper. "But it's news that's come this time, and no mistake. Pete, there's a big ship—or there was at dark—adrift and helpless, coming right on here, and maybe we'll get our boat this very night, if we are smart. Everybody'll be attending to the wrecked stuff and the ship; and nobody'll think about the ship's boats. If any comes adrift, we'll be the first to get it. Come on!"

"Where to?" said Peter, rising at once from the table.

"To the cave, to be sure," replied Casper. "We can watch from there a long time, and nobody will think of finding us out. Come, hurry!" he added, taking up the last slice of rye-bread and thrusting it into his pocket.

"Now, we're off," said Peter.

The fire having been replenished with peat, and a fresh candle lighted, they set forth.

The night was very dark, and the darkness seemed alive and moving with the rush and roar of wind and wave.

Seeing how black it was, the lads turned back to secure the means to make a light should one be necessary. A candle and a foot-stove, the latter filled with a ball of burning peat, with a few dry twigs, completed their outfit.

Poor lads! To them all the world outside of bare Block Island was bright and pleasant and inviting. Pearls, diamonds, gold, indeed everything worth having, could be had simply for the seeking; while at home nothing could or would ever be, but the same weary round of raising corn and mending nets; fishing in summer and waiting all winter for things that never yet had come into their lives.

Their fathers were fishermen; their uncles and great-uncles went out and came in, bringing only cod and other fish in their boats. If there was anything better to be had anywhere in the world, the lads were determined to seek it, and this was the black December night on which they were resolved to set forth to make their fortunes. Innocent lads! They never knew that Captain Merritt's imagination and grim reality were not one and the same thing; and the captain himself, quietly sleeping in his cabin, never dreamed of the thoughts and plans his words had kindled in the lads' young minds.

There was not at that time a lighthouse on Block Island. Life-saving stations had not been organized anywhere on the coast.

Casper and Peter were fast friends. Their young lives had been passed together from the time they were big enough to creep along the sands of the shore. Casper had more of the spirit of daring in him than fell to the lot of his companion; but, in scenes of real danger, Peter was the better able to find, or make, a way of escape.

On that night in December, so long ago, the air was full of sound, as the lads crawled down the bank which at that time existed along the eastern shore of the island. They crept cautiously beneath it, and occasionally a voice could be heard upon the bluff over their heads, from the islanders, who were making their way to the north, in the direction they knew winds and waves must drive the ship they had seen at nightfall.

Peter carried the foot-stove. Casper walked just a step or two ahead, and both kept silence until they reached a headland, in which their cave was to be found. This cave was no more than a fissure in the bluff. The boys would never have thought or spoken of it as a cave, had not Captain Merritt called it one.

"It's just above us, now; must be there," said Casper. "You hold on a bit till I find it."

"No, no!" ejaculated Peter, whose soul was awed into silence by the great white breakers thundering in all about them. "I'm coming, too," he called, stumbling along over the boulders that now strewed the way.

"This is nothing to what we've got to come to when once we get upon the high seas, Peter Downs. Don't be a coward. It's only a few more black rocks to get over and we're there."

"Pshaw! That's nothing but a pile of seaweed," Casper added, as Peter grasped his arm with, "Casper! What is that?"

Over their heads seemed to tower to the very sky the grim blackness of the bluff up which they intended to climb to their secure hiding-place out of the way of wind and wave. Up there they could see all the coast for miles and miles by the light of day, and could discern a glimmer of light far out into the night.

They began to search for the fissure. Presently Casper called out, "I've found the cave! Hold on a bit. Hand us the old foot-stove till I light up, will you?"

Casper blew aside the ashes, and soon the feeble twinkle of one little candle did its best to light up all the big bluff. It only lasted for a minute, for there came a great burst of sound as if the mighty cliffs over their heads had burst asunder. Then the candle went out.

"Thunder in December. That's queer!" observed Casper.

"T was n't thunder! There has n't been a gleam of lightning to-night, Casper Downs," said frightened Peter, clinging fast to his friend.

"What was it, then?"

"I don't know—Casper, come! Let's get home; I've had enough of this." And Peter took a step backward, stepping into water as he did so.

Casper heard the splash, and was too frightened to utter a word.

Where could they be? No water, so far as he knew, had ever come up to the entrance of the cave.

"We're in a fix!" decided Peter. "I say, Casper, what's to be done?"

"As we can't go back we've got to go ahead!" said Casper, with forced cheerfulness, helping his friend out of the water into a dry place. Then, trying to climb higher, he actually struck his head against a wall of rock that seemed to bar the way.

"Stop a minute, Bub," said Casper. Casper never had called Peter "Bub," except when under very great excitement.

"I'm going to try the light again," he added, doing his utmost to appear calm and to speak encouragingly.

But the peat was too far gone. No light could be won from its feeble glow.

"Get ahead, won't you? My feet are in the water again," urged Peter. "Never mind the light."

"You stand still just where you are till you hear me speak. I'll have to feel around before I go ahead," explained Casper.

"All right! The water washes against my feet, though; and it is n't any too warm, either," observed Peter, still in ignorance of their true situation.

Presently Casper spoke:

"I may as well tell you at once, Peter," he said, "that we are not in the cave. I don't know where we are, nor what will become of us. Pete, I can't find any opening leading out of this. It's all closed up overhead. You get close to me, and we'll hope for the best. If we can weather it out, we will. It must be nearly high tide now."

Peter did not speak. He only held out his hand and touched Casper.

Casper pulled him up one step higher, saying, "Look out for your head," for Peter was an inch the taller, and Casper had none too much room above his head.

It was an awful place for the two laddies to be in. Whether the sea would pour in and drown them there among the rocks neither could tell. They turned their faces seaward and waited, shivering and despairing.

In another moment a flash of light was on the

waters. It was quickly followed by the sound that they had heard once before.

"It's the ship's gun!" gasped Peter. "She's firing a minute-gun to bring help."

"And she's driving right on," said Casper.

"Poor things!" ejaculated Peter. "There can't one of them be saved if they drive against this bluff."

"I'd give up the boat to save them," said Casper, with great solemnity.

"I'd give up 'most anything to know that we have n't got to be drowned in here, like rats," remarked Peter.

"Well, I've had enough of the sea for once," added Casper. "I'll make a solemn vow with you, Peter, here and now, that if we are saved and those poor people yonder are n't drowned, I'll never run away to sea as long as I live!"

"I'll make the same vow, Casper," said his friend. "And somehow, I believe," added Peter, "that if we do make that promise, we *will* all be saved."

"What's the good of promising if we don't believe it's any good?" said Casper; and, the water advancing still, they clung together and watched its rise, and strove to see the ship.

A third and fourth gun flashed and roared amid the terrible voices of the night.

"Are you sure, perfectly certain, Casper, that there is no room a little higher up?" said Peter.

"Not a mite, Bub. I've bumped all around everywhere. We're in the highest place we we can climb to."

Peter said no more. He felt the water ooze through his boots, and after a few moments Casper grasped hard at Peter's waist, for he, too, had found out that the water was at his feet.

Steadily it rose, until their feet were covered, and the chill of it was deathly.

"Let's count fifty," suggested Peter, "and feel if it gets any higher." They counted and tried. It was rising. It covered their shoes and ran in over the tops.

"I think I see the ship!" suddenly cried Peter.

The lad was right. The great white-sailed bark was driving straight for death and destruction upon the rocks. The lads heard a sail go rattling down the mast. The men on board were doing their utmost to keep off-shore.

And still the cold tide crept higher.

"It 's nearly up to my knees now," calmly remarked Peter.

"But your mouth is higher up than mine," said Casper.

"I wonder if Captain Merritt ever got into such a fix?" asked Peter, as once more he felt the rise of the sea.

"That poor ship!" he cried at the same instant, for the lads had distinctly heard the great keel strike on the rocks. The vessel had come ashore not more than five hundred feet from the spot where the boys were. Between the ship and the cliff there was nothing to be seen but one seething field of foam. Just outside the surf the waves met a reef that broke their force and threw them back, only to come again more gently, but just as surely, to lap out the lives of the lads prisoned in the bluff.

The cries of distress from the passengers and crew reached the ears of Casper and Peter and made them forget for a moment their own peril.

"I wish," moaned Peter, "that somebody would try to save them!"

"They might as well try to save us," replied Casper. "How on earth could any boat live along shore to get to you and me to-night? Peter, I wish I had n't gone after you to-night. Then you 'd just have gone up to bed, and would have known nothing about the ship, and would have been safe."

"Does n't the moon come up pretty soon?" Peter interrupted. "Seems to me — Don't say such things, Casper; I can't stand that and this water too. It 's just gone over my knees. Seems to me I begin to see things better — and hark!" went on Peter. "Don't you hear Indians out there?"

"Bub, are you hungry?" inquired Casper, with a slightly tighter clasp about Peter's waist. "You know you don't hear Indians!" Casper was alarmed. He thought his friend was out of his head.

"I do," cried Peter. "Can't you? If I did n't know better I should think 't was one of our own Indians."

Block Island had at that time nearly half as many Indians as white men.

The moon was rising, but the clouds were so dense that it only dimly lightened the blackness.

The time wore on. There was nothing for

the situation but to wait in the hope that the tide might turn. The ship thumped on the rocks; the lads clung together, cold and weary, yet bravely trying to cheer each other with assurances that aid was at hand.

Everything echoed that night. It was the echo of the voices of the Indians on the bluff, sixty feet over the little cleft, that had caused Peter to think that he heard Indians on the ship. The echo came from a bank of fog at sea.

At the first gun, the inhabitants of Block Island began to gather—men, women, boys, Indians, negroes.

The old fishermen of the island were there, looking on, but powerless to aid. Men who had waited outside many a night, with their lives hanging on the chance of being able to ride the highest wave to the land, were there, and they all, to a man, had said: "There 's nothing can be done till the tide falls."

It was then that the voice of a woman rang out—of a woman who herself had been saved from a wreck only a few years before. She cried:

"Fetch boats. Lower them down the bank. I 'll go down in the first boat."

"A mad scheme! Don't listen to 'Long Kattern,'" cried another woman, but Long Kattern had been heard, and two-score men were off to do her bidding. The boats had been drawn on shore, for at that time Block Island had no harbor. Oxen, carts, boats, men, all were put in motion, and, before the water rose to the clasped hands of the lads in the cave, the smallest of the boats was hovering over the bluff. Long Kattern stepped to the front, but the men of the island bade her go back to her place, and without a single word, two of their number stepped over the bluff's edge into the boat.

It was a strange scene. The moon had risen, and only specters of ship and breakers, of cliff and shell could be seen, as the hundred strong hands stood ready to lower the boat.

"All ready?" asked the men on the cliff.

"All ready," came the response from the boat, and slowly the brave men sank from the sight of their comrades.

Twenty feet below, the boat struck a loose

rock that gave way and went tumbling down, making thunderous noises as it went. The lads in the cleft thought the cliff was falling over their heads. Their cold hearts grew colder, and at that instant each felt the touch of the water on his hands.

"Help! Help!" they shouted in unison, with all their might, and at that instant something shut out the moonlight from before the cave. A voice, close to them, was heard, saying, "Can we save any one?"

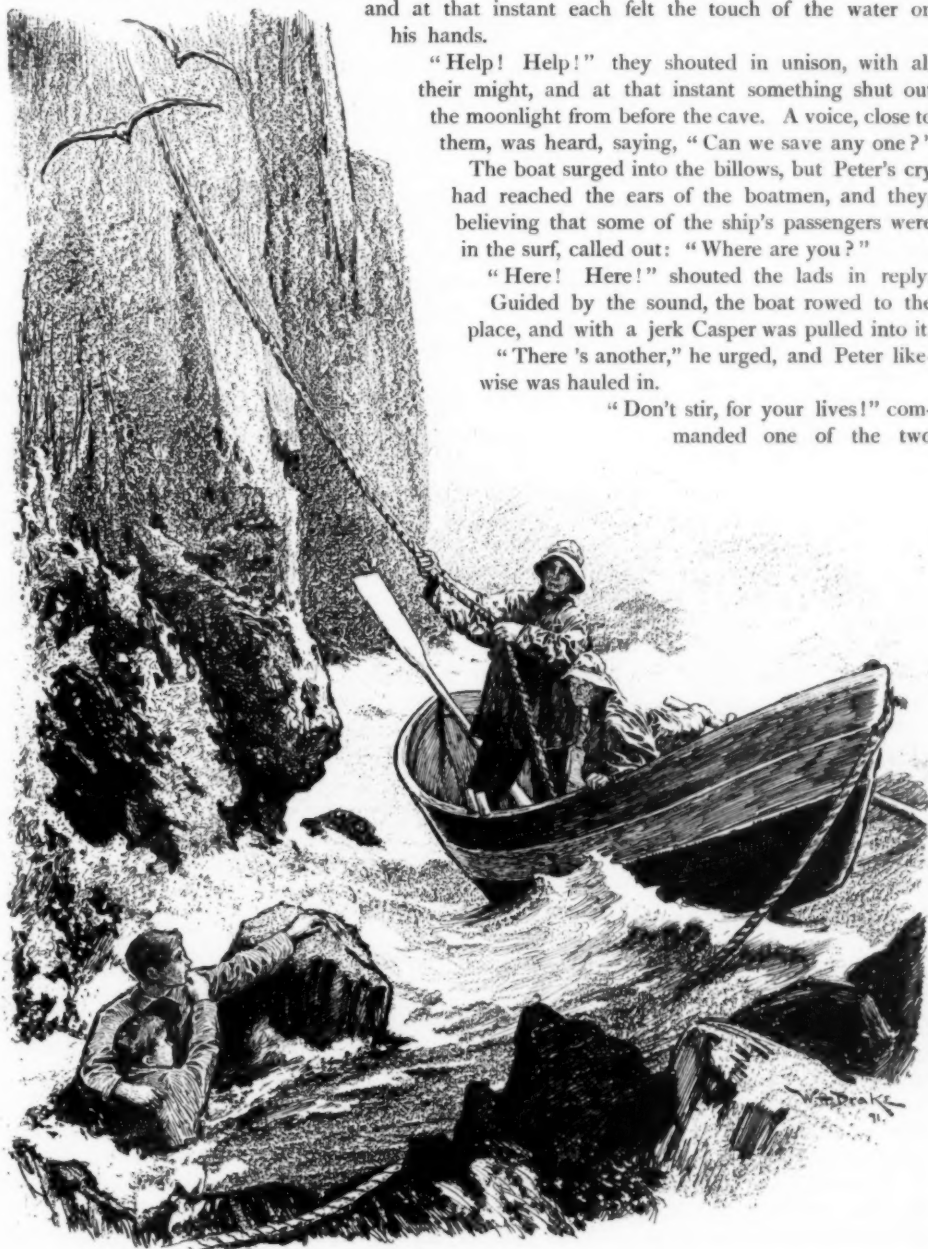
The boat surged into the billows, but Peter's cry had reached the ears of the boatmen, and they, believing that some of the ship's passengers were in the surf, called out: "Where are you?"

"Here! Here!" shouted the lads in reply.

Guided by the sound, the boat rowed to the place, and with a jerk Casper was pulled into it.

"There's another," he urged, and Peter likewise was hauled in.

"Don't stir, for your lives!" commanded one of the two



THE RESCUE OF PETER AND CASPER.

men, giving the signal for the boat to be hoisted.

There was not much liveliness in the two poor lads just then. Thoroughly benumbed, they crouched down in the boat and clung to it, as they saw the lines slowly tighten, and the dangerous ascent began.

"It 's heavier, anyhow, than 't was when we let it down," remarked some one upon the bluff, during the long, slow, cautious pull.

"Careful now! Easy, lads!" as the heads of the men came into sight.

"There 's *four* in the boat," cried Long Katern, clapping her hands and leaning at a risky angle over the edge to see.

Everybody crowded to the edge.

"Keep off; keep back; or the edge will give way and topple over," cried a voice from the boat, and instantly the crowd fell back, leaving space to haul the boat up.

"Take 'em out gently. I reckon there is n't much to 'em," said one of the boatmen. "They have n't spoken a word since we got 'em in. They were in a little place under the cliff most full of water, and could n't 'a' held out much longer."

Hard brown hands were reached down to Casper and Peter, and the boys were set upon their feet wet and dripping.

"Take 'em to the nearest home; that 's mine," said a soft, gentle voice.

It was Peter's mother who spoke. She was waiting for the cart that had brought the boat, expecting to take the rescued lads in it.

"Mother, mother!" gasped Peter, groping forward, scarcely able to take a step. "Don't you folks, any of you, know Casper Lee and Peter Downs?"

"Why, fellows!" yelled out a voice over the cliff's brink to the men who were being lowered again. "We 've fetched up two of our own boys from below, but how the Old Mohican they ever got there 's more than I know!"

The news so astounded the men at the ropes that the boat came near dropping its passengers as they let it careen.

Meanwhile, the dripping boys were hurried into the cart. Mrs. Downs dragged off her camel cloak and covered neither boy in her anxiety to cover both with it. The oxen were set in

motion, and a few of the women went with the cart, leaving the ship and its passengers and crew to what fate might befall them. Nothing in life seemed one-half so important just then to Mrs. Downs as that the boys should be made warm in bed. Every mother of the number knew just what ought to be done, and each one knew that a different thing ought to be done.

Meanwhile, brave men in the boat descended toward the surging sea once more.

They did look an instant to see that the little cleft was entirely shut in by the waters. They were thankful there were no lads in it then, as they shot out a little way, as far as the lines that held their boat would let them go.

Then they saw there was no use in trying to do more. They decided to go back and wait for daylight and low water.

Turning toward the cliff, as their boat slipped down the wave, they beheld, on its crest, another boat. Its oarsman—brave man that he was!—had risked his life in the ship's little dory, to carry ashore a line by which a cable could be brought to land, so that, when the tide should turn, the ship might not drift out into deep water.

He never would have reached the shore alive, had not the men and their boat been so near the spot when the dory toppled and went under.

"I 'll save that brave fellow, if I die for it," exclaimed one of the two Block Islanders. He whirled the boat about and watched for the man to rise. The man was saved, and the little line he carried and clung to when he went down was hoisted up the cliff in safety, and, moreover, drew up a cable that was made fast to the meeting-house before the tide went down. The bark rode out the gale until the light of day; and, before another night came, every soul was fetched off in safety from the ship and spent a thankful Christmas at the hospitable houses on the island.

Captain Merritt, and many Block Islanders who heard of Casper's and Peter's escape, came the next day to hear the thrilling story of the rescue, but to no one of them, save Peter's mother, was *all* the truth made known.

Casper and Peter faithfully kept their promise, made in darkness and danger. They were often tempted to run away, for, in the days that followed, Block Island grew again to be dull and

stupid, and the stories of Captain Merritt and the wild tales told by Long Kattern did, many a time, stir their blood to longing for the larger ventures of the world.

In after years, in due course of time, Peter was master of a coasting-vessel, and Casper, at middle age, had all the risks and the danger that his spirit craved as a soldier in the war;

and, finally, when the active life was over for them, the two men, old and full of days, used to sit at the harbor's mouth in the sunshine and talk of the scenes of their boyhood. And no adventure of their lives was more frequently recounted to the boys of a later day than their rescue from the cleft in the Block Island bluff, on that December night.



CHAN OK; A ROMANCE OF THE EASTERN SEAS.

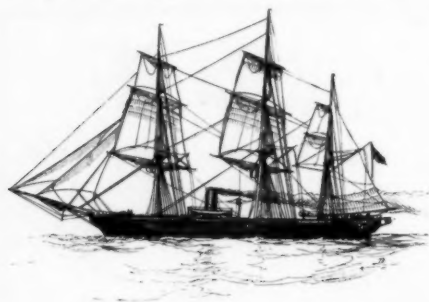
By J. O. DAVIDSON.

[*Begun in the May number.*]

CHAPTER X.

IN DEADLY PERIL.

NEXT morning Frank was summoned to the office, and the agent informed him that the authorities had arranged to send out in search of the pirates the United States frigate "Dictator," the only available war-vessel in the



THE "DICTATOR."

harbor, and that they wished Frank to go also, with the two "boys," to point out their place of concealment and to identify the pirate.

The frigate was to sail the next day, so he advised Frank to make his preparations to go on board that night. "You, of course, are in the company's pay," said the agent, "and we 'll see what we can do for you when you return. Good luck to you!"

With a final hearty handshake, the good-natured agent sent Frank on his way. It was late that night before Frank had finished visiting his friends and making the purchases for his new outfit; and ten o'clock struck before he started from the office to embark. The harbor rules did not allow shore boats to lie beside the wharves at night, because of the many thieves and desperate characters composing their crews; so these boats are anchored a short distance from shore. A passenger desiring a boat must first notify the policeman on duty. That

officer calls the craft next in order, and takes the passenger's name and destination. The passenger is then expected to steer the boat, and must see that the crew (limited to two) remain forward.

Frank complied with these regulations, and soon found himself dancing over the harbor's dark waters in one of the swift and graceful "pull-away" boats for which Hong-Kong is noted.

There were only two of the crew visible. One, a man, tended the sails; the other, a woman (as is often the case in Chinese boats), held an oar which she occasionally used on the leeward side to steady the boat.

As Frank steered for the twinkling light of the distant man-of-war, he could not but contrast his present position with that of a few nights before, when he lay starving in the cuddy of his miserable ark of refuge. Then, he reflected, death stared him in the face; now he was safe again. His employers had given him ample proof of their esteem, and had promised still further rewards and their confidence, should he return successful from his present mission.

Little did he think that, at that very moment, his life was in greater peril than ever before.

Suddenly he was aroused by a gentle twitch at the tiller-rope. Turning round, he was startled by the appearance of a shadowy form, crouched in the stern of the boat.

The harbor rule compelling the crew to remain forward, and the recollection that no one was visible at the stern when the boat started, passed swiftly through his mind, and he recalled also the tales he had heard of the experiences of belated mariners at night in these very boats. A warning of Old Ben's, "When you must shoot, shoot quickly!" also came forcibly to memory. He saw the figure rise as if to spring upon him. In a single instant his revolver was drawn, aimed, and fired. By the light of its flash he caught a glimpse of a swarthy, sinewy Malay

making ready to spring upon him. The next instant the man fell with a heavy crash at his feet. So close had the assassin stood that his clothing was set on fire by the discharge of the pistol.

Believing his enemy to be disabled, Frank now turned and covered the two others of the crew with his weapon, ordering them to keep the boat on its course. But scarcely were they under way again before the sound of oars reached him. A voice hailed them:

"Boat ahoy, there! What are you firing for?"

Just as Frank was about to reply, his boat gave a sudden lurch almost throwing him off his feet, and the two members of his crew and the man whom he had shot darted over the side and plunged into the water.

Before he recovered his balance, a police-boat had run alongside; and a tall officer, standing in the stern, threw the light of a lantern upon Frank and again demanded the meaning of the firing. It did not take long to make the officer acquainted with what had happened. Stepping into the pull-away boat, he made a quick search, and drawing aside a mat disclosed a place in the planking just large enough to admit the body of a man lying down.

"You've had a narrow escape, sir," he exclaimed, after a few minutes' examination.



A HONG-KONG "PULL-AWAY" BOAT.

"See, he cut your tiller-ropes first, to deprive you of the control of the boat, and was then going to attack you! These fellows are cunning at their work, and it's rarely we catch them. It's a pity you did not kill him. I see that he jumped overboard with the rest of the crew, preferring to risk drowning rather than certain

death by hanging if caught. Now, sir, step into my cutter, and I'll see you safely to your ship."

Frank did as requested, and while seating himself by the officer, noticed that the boat he had just left was putting about to return to the city, with two of the police-boat's crew in charge.

"No, we're not likely to capture them," remarked the officer in reply to a question. "They are probably ashore by this time, on that point of rock yonder; and they will be far back in the country before morning."

The frigate's dark hull now rose up beside them, and the cutter ran into its shadow. The sentry at the gangway hailed, and, after warmly thanking the police-officer for his services, Frank mounted the ladder to the frigate's deck. Upon presenting his card to the officer of the deck, he was shown below to the ward-room and a neat-looking colored boy promptly conducted him to his quarters for the night.

CHAPTER XI.

ON BOARD THE DICTATOR.

It was nearly morning before Frank fell asleep; and, even then, the exciting incidents of the night returned in fantastic dreams. In his visions, boats, coolies, and threatening Malays were mixed up with pistol-shots, while scores of Chinamen plunged into inky waves to escape from pursuing policemen. At last he imagined himself one of the captured coolies, being shaken by a great guardsman who held him by the collar; and he awoke to find the polite waiter-boy quietly shaking him and saying, "Breakfast is ready, sir; better get up."

He presently found himself at a long table where a number of the ship's officers were taking their breakfast. The first-lieutenant, Mr. Morris, who sat at the head of the table, introduced Frank to each one in succession, and after this ceremony he was seated at the lieutenant's right, next to the chaplain, Mr. Knox.

At first he was somewhat embarrassed, but the perfect cordiality with which they received him soon put him at his ease.

"I hear, Mr. Austin, you are detailed to point

out to us the hiding-place of that rascally pirate, Chan Ok," said Mr. Morris.

"Yes, sir," replied Frank; "such are my orders, but I never heard him called by that name."

"Oh, he has a dozen names," replied Mr. Morris; "but that makes no difference to us, so long as we have a brush with him to break the monotony of ship life out here. We were quite wishing something exciting might happen to enliven us; but this news of their capture of the 'Serpent' is positively horrible."

"What, have you had news of her already?" inquired Frank.

"Yes, a trader came in last night, reporting having sighted an iron steamer wrecked between two islands, completely dismantled, with a fleet of junks about her."

"We'll have to be lively to catch them," exclaimed a young officer opposite. "These fellows are getting entirely too bold of late. I heard on shore, yesterday, that another river-boat is over-due up river. I should n't wonder if they had got her, also!"

"Ay, ay, gentlemen; catch them we must; and when we *do*, we'll make such an example of this gang that the whole vile pirate brotherhood will shiver to think of it in days to come!"

Frank started at the stern tones of the speaker, surprised that one so jolly and amiable-looking as Mr. Morris should utter such revengeful words. Mr. Knox afterward explained to Frank, "His feeling against the pirates is very bitter. One of his brothers was lost on a ship which was attacked by them two years ago. It seems to have changed his usual kindly nature to one of relentless cruelty whenever the pirates are concerned; but he is a splendid executive officer and loves his ship as a woman loves her home. He is a favorite with the men, too, in spite of the strict discipline he maintains."

One of the cabin-boys now handed Mr. Morris a note; and that officer, turning to Frank, said: "Your presence is required at your company's office immediately, to see some articles a trader brought in last night. They were found near the scene of the wreck. My gig is at your disposal, sir. She will be at the gangway in a moment."

A few minutes later Frank was seated in the

stern of the beautiful gig, tiller-ropes in hand. There were six stalwart man-of-war's men before him, neatly dressed in white, their brawny throats bare, with wide blue collars turned back. They wore regulation blue service-caps set jauntily on their heads, with "Dictator" in gold letters across the front.

"Push off; ready; let fall; give way!" and off they went, dancing over the sparkling blue waters. The pleasant breeze dashed tiny jets of spray over the boat's sharp bows, causing the bow-oar to duck his head sidewise every now and then as a swish of water came in board; but little the jolly tar cared for that. Whether mountain high on a wave, or sliding deep into the trough, the practised oars kept time to the stroke, lifting and dipping together.

The harbor, as usual, was full of shipping, and Frank had his hands full in steering the boat. As they sped under the bow of a large ironclad flying the British flag, his attention was drawn to his own crew, who had hitherto kept a good but not fast stroke. Now he noticed that their feet were braced and their stroke more lively. Following their significant glances, he perceived that a boat similar to their own had shot out from the ironclad's side, and was keeping a course parallel to their own. He took in the situation at once. The men wanted a race, and although not a word was said, a look at his face was enough. It did not mean "no," and with broad grins of satisfaction they laid themselves down to the work of beating the British boat to land. Under their quickened strokes, the gig fairly jumped. In and out among the shipping they went, past huge merchantmen, or picturesque groups of junks, traders from far India, and fleets of Spice Island traders.

The sweat rolled down the flushed faces of the straining tars, and their labored breathing showed plainly the exertion they were undergoing; but no sign of weariness was apparent in their stroke. The Englishmen were worthy antagonists, and held their own manfully, now nearing, now keeping away, as their course demanded; while the crews of the vessels which they passed jumped into the rigging and cheered the two boats as they dashed by on their way.

Near the quay a large steamer lay at anchor, and it was necessary for the boats to divide and

pass her on different sides. As the English boat disappeared from view, the brawny stroke-oar of the gig, knowing the critical moment had come, turned to his men and cried in a low but distinct tone:

"Now is our time! Lift her, boys!"

Catching a quick half-stroke that almost unseated Frank, they put all their remaining strength into the work. The result was decisive; for when their rival reappeared the English had lost two boat-lengths, and soon slowed down, acknowledging defeat.

"What boat was that?" inquired Frank of the panting sailor who rowed stroke-oar.

"The 'Invincible's,' sir. That's the second time they've raced us, and last time they beat us. But then we had a different man at the bow-oar."

"You've a remarkably fine crew."

"Yes, sir; they're all picked medal-men, and have never lost a race when pulling together," responded the sailor proudly.

"Ah, Coffin, you rascal! You've been at it again, I see," cried a handsome young midshipman, descending the stone steps of the quay. The grins of the crew seemed to say, in answer, "We don't mind a scolding, so long as we win."

Arrived at the office, Frank was heartily congratulated by Mr. Gray on his narrow escape in the harbor the night before. The agent then showed him the articles the trader had brought in from the lost steamer. They consisted of fragments of the steamer's boat, marked "Serpent"; a small cask, branded with the same name; fragments of the steamer's log-book signed "T. Acron" (the captain's name), and a few minor objects. But the most interesting and valuable of all was a long strip of waterproof crimson paper, on which were numerous Chinese characters. At the bottom of the rows of characters appeared in black the impression of a delicately-shaped thumb, as if it had been inked with some dark pigment and then pressed on the paper, leaving all its creases and lines perfectly imprinted.

"This," explained Mr. Gray, "is a receipt from the pirate chief, acknowledging a payment of money to him for stolen goods, from his agent in Canton. The articles are some of those you had on your junk; so it is of double

interest to us, and I paid the trader a high price for it."

So cunning are the forgeries committed in the East, that this mode of signature is often adopted; for the Chinese believe that no two human hands are precisely alike. Neither do their lines or creases ever change as the style of handwriting may sometimes do. Therefore many traders still prefer the thumb imprint to a signature; especially in cases like this, where neither party cares to be known by name to outsiders.

"How is it you know this to be his signature?" inquired Frank, with some curiosity.

"Principally by the goods mentioned; but also by these characters at the bottom, which the trader, who has had dealings with him before, recognizes. They stand for one of his names, 'Chan Ok.' You will take this with you; and should the necessity ever arise you may prove his signature to this receipt and thus bring home to him at least this one robbery."

When his business was ended, Frank returned to the quay; and finding that the Dictator's boat had gone back to the vessel, he hailed a "pull-away boat," and started to sail out to the frigate. The boat-tender handled the craft well, and they sped swiftly over the bay. While passing the British ironclad, Frank could not but admire her massive strength, and regretfully contrast the care which England bestows upon her fleet, with the long indifference of our own country to her small but gallant navy.

Just as they were passing out from the great ship's shadow, a stunning crash shook their boat, and everything was obscured by a thick cloud of cannon-smoke. Report followed report, with ear-splitting suddenness; and dark, ragged objects flew overhead, much too near for comfort. Frank ducked again and again, not knowing what it all meant.

Presently the firing ceased, the smoke blew away, and the scared yellow features of the boatman appeared from under a pile of mats wherein he had taken refuge.

"Me no likee big Englis' war-junk!" he remarked, as he readjusted the sail. "Too muchee big row, allee same as thunder-dragon. Too muchee big wad hit boat, and maybe sink her.

Such thing not plover. Me no likee, you savey?"

Frank "saveyed" promptly.

"What were they firing for?" he asked.

"Oh, sometime one small piece blue mandarin" (admiral) "go aboard. Then, bang! bang! Sometime big mandarin-pigeon go aboard; they makee bang! bang! We no do likee that. Chinaman sailor-mandarin go aboard war-junk, they beat little gong, burn joss-paper. More plover and no cost so much!"

The Dictator lay with boats hoisted up, sails cast loose, and all the necessary preparations made for instant departure. The anchor hung under the bows, smoke was pouring from the funnel, and the tramp of feet on deck could be heard as the crew moved about making ready.

"Dictator welly good s'ip!" remarked the boatman approvingly. "Melican man good-pigeon; no makee *bang* all time, like other foreign devils! Can fight plover fashion, too, all samee."

On the after or poop-deck, Frank found Captain Wyman and his officers assembled. A signal-officer stood near, flag in hand, while a quartermaster watched the city through a glass.

Presently he said, "There goes the flag, sir; four, six, three, eight, five, one."

The officer turned to the captain, touched his cap, and said, "Signal from Consulate, sir. It reads, 'Proceed to sea as soon as ready,' sir."

"Acknowledge it," replied the captain; and a few waves of the flag told those ashore that their message was read.

"Get the ship under way, sir," called the captain to Mr. Morris, who was standing on the bridge amidships.

"Ay, ay, sir!"

His orders to the men now followed, quick and sharp, in a voice which was heard by all.

The crew of three hundred men jumped to their various stations, while the hoarse calls of the boatswain repeated the orders, and the chirruping of their shrill whistles sounded sharply over the waters.

The great anchor was run up; the head-sails filled; the bow paid off against the current; the gong in the engine-room sounded, and, with scarcely a tremor, the engines started and the frigate headed up the harbor.

The beetling mountains on the "Cowloon side" were passed; also the beautiful settlement of "Happy Valley," nestling around the foothills of Victoria Peak, with the old line-of-battle-ship "Victoria" at anchor; and they stood for the strait leading to the open China Sea.

The chase of the pirate Chan Ok was begun!

CHAPTER XII.

THE CRUISE OF THE DICTATOR.

THE sun rose on a cloudless sky the next day, and the lofty head of Victoria Peak was just visible on the horizon, when Frank came on deck. What a grand sight it was!—the broad clear decks, the taut rigging, and the groups of busy blue-jackets at work here and there. How orderly and well-conducted everything appeared! What a contrast with the small, ill-smelling, disorderly coasters to which Frank had been accustomed! He visited the engine-room, and the magazine, and the furnaces, where firemen, stripped to the waist, fed the open glowing furnace with huge black mouthfuls of coal. A strong blast of cool air meanwhile was forced down upon them from the deck above through the ventilators.

Up on the forecabin, an old gunner, assisted by Ben Herrick, was polishing the glossy sides of the 100-pounder pivot-gun. It had previously been covered with beeswax and lamp-black, and the gunner rubbed at it until it glistened. The two "old sea-dogs" patted the gun, and polished away, and exchanged yarns, apparently oblivious to the younger "boys" gathered about to hear the words of wisdom from their lips.

At noon the wind fell calm. The sails had been taken in, and the only breeze over the heated decks was that produced by the motion of the ship urged ahead by the powerful propeller. At three o'clock the sun was almost insupportable, and awnings were rigged both fore and aft. Men were sent aloft on the yards who rigged a spare topsail from the foreyard to the mainyard, so that when its inner corners were drawn taut inboard, and it was filled some feet deep with sea-water from the hose, it formed an immense bath-tub, in which squads of the men and boys took a delicious bath. The

great ship meanwhile was going steadily on her way, and the canvas bath-tub was now rising and now falling as the ship rolled gently.

On the third day, the lookout called "Land ho!" at daylight; and by noon Frank recog-



AN IMPROVISED BATH-TUB.

nized the three islands, and the narrow passage where the pirates had laid their snare for the *Serpent*. An hour later, as the ship followed the bend of the land under Ben's piloting, they opened out a little harbor; and there, in plain sight, lay the wreck of the ill-fated French ship, her bow high up on a narrow reef, her stern awash with the waves.

The engines slowed down; a boat was sent ahead to sound, and, with the guns' crews at quarters, the cutter, full of armed men and under the protection of the frigate's broadside, pulled away for the wreck. She was a pitiable scene of desolation. Her masts, almost stripped of rigging, pointed like skeleton fingers to the sky. The night-lanterns, burned out and blackened, were still swinging slowly to and fro on their halliards. Every movable thing about the

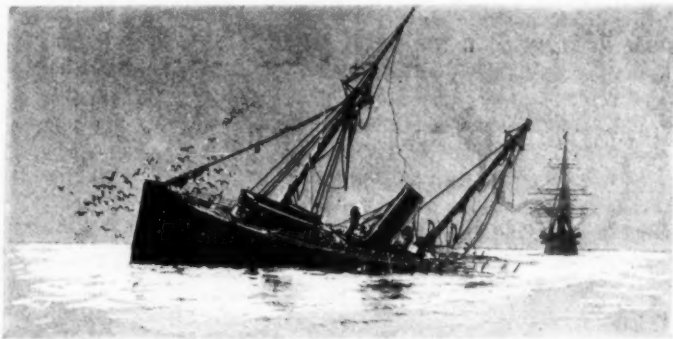
deck had been carried off. In the pilot-house the wheel was dented with bullets; the windows were smashed; and the doors of most of the cabins had been hacked to pieces by ax-blows, or torn from their hinges by pirates seeking to get at those poor creatures who had sought refuge within. The engine-room skylights were also battered in; powder-stains along the edges showed where the cowardly pirates had stood to fire on those below.

If any defense of the ship had been made it must have been from the engine-room, as its skylights showed the marks of bullets that had been fired upward. But however they fought or fell, nothing could be seen of the defenders, for in the dim light below appeared only the dark and placid water which covered all and rose even with the tops of the cylinders. Upon its surface floated little shining pools of the oil from the engines.

Silently the men pulled ashore and searched the beach, hoping some one of the crew might have escaped. However, nothing but some valueless wreckage rewarded their search.

The pirates had made a "clean sweep" of all on board.

With many a bitter threat against the villains, the crew hoisted in the boats, and the frigate, slowly turning her bow to the southward, resumed the quest for the pirate island.



"THERE LAY THE WRECK OF THE FRENCH SHIP."

It was two days later, at noon, that the island, as marked on the map by Frank, was sighted.

To lie off the land until nightfall was thought the best policy by some on board, as their approach would then be unseen; but others argued



CHAN OK'S ISLAND.

that from the island's top the man-of-war must already have been discerned, and hence they urged that a dash was the only possible way of insuring the capture of the band.

The latter plan seemed best. attempting any disguise, the frigate steered for the land, with all steam and sail on, in order to have what daylight they could for passing the inlet.

At five o'clock, the island loomed up grandly before them; and, skirting its eastern edge, they soon found the passage. There stood the tall palm-trees on the headland, and the high cliffs could be seen beyond. Steadily, but with slackened speed, the frigate headed for and passed through the gap.

The crew stood at quarters beside their shotted guns, which were run out through the ports; armed boat's-crews filled the cutters and whaleboats, which had been lowered to within a few feet of the water, ready at a moment's notice to "drop and cast off."

The high hills on both sides were crowned with little forts on which cannon could be distinctly seen, and at every instant a volley was expected from those heights. It

would be impossible to elevate the guns so as to return the fire from the frigate's deck; but on they sailed, without a sight or a sound of a human being. Sea-birds wheeled about the crags in the deepening blue shadows of the cliff;



"THE FRIGATE HEADED FOR AND PASSED THROUGH THE GAP."

and, as the twilight fell, the frigate slowly rounded into the inner harbor opposite the sandy beach, the quiet water reflecting her dark hull and rig-

ging, and the crew peering from the port-holes beside the grinning guns. The only visible motion in the harbor was that of the two thin rippling lines which spread from the frigate's cutwater, as she smoothly ranged up abreast of the village. Then the falls were suddenly detached, the boats lowered to the water, and swiftly pulled to the beach. The men, dropping their oars, seized their arms, and waded knee-deep to the shore.

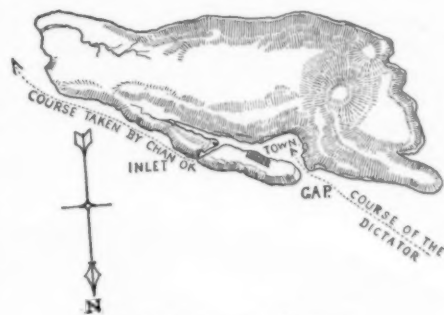
Here, the officers at their head, and Frank and Ben acting as guides, they began a search of the settlement. Frank recognized all the familiar and hated places where they had suffered so much. Their prison-house stood with its door wide open. The great Council House was likewise deserted, and the rest of the settlement lay enshrouded in gloom and silence. The men peered about and poked with their cutlasses in all possible hiding-places, but no human being could be found.

"They've cut it and run, that's clear!" said an old quartermaster; "but where and when is beyond me!"

"Hello, what's that?" cried Ben, suddenly; and all stopped to listen. A dog's faint bark, ending in a plaintive howl, was heard distinctly

"It's Chan Ok's little dog!" exclaimed Old Ben, as he stooped down to it. Gently holding the little animal's head, Ben let the dog drink from his hand some water that he poured from one of the sailors' canteens.

The dog, reviving somewhat, went slowly along beside them as they continued the search.



SKETCH MAP OF CHAN OK'S ISLAND.

Presently the little dog began snuffing in the sand, and then giving a sharp bark started along the beach at a quicker pace.

"Close up, men! Forward—march!" ordered the lieutenant in charge of the party. "That dog is on some trail and we must follow him!"

The little animal seemed proud of the attention paid him, and jogged on ahead, wagging his tail, occasionally sniffing at the sand and barking feebly. After proceeding thus for a half mile, a deep and narrow inlet opened from the main harbor and turned sharply to the left.

It was now dark; but the stars shimmered on the water. Suddenly they turned a corner of woodland, and there, outside a coral reef, they could see the dark horizon of the ocean. The little dog ran down to the water's edge, snuffed about a moment or two, and then set up a mournful howl. By the dim starlight, a quick examination was made of the place. Footprints caused by the trampling of many natives could be seen in the sand. About the beach they saw some bits of rope, a few empty boxes and bags, a crate of dried fruit, the ashes of several fires, and, more significant than all, the bow-marks of several boats that had been run up on the beach.

"It's plain enough!" called Frank to the



"CLOSE UP, MEN! FORWARD—MARCH!"
ORDERED THE LIEUTENANT.

from a clump of palms further up the beach. Hurrying toward the sound, they found an overturned sampan under which was a miserably unhappy dog. The dog seemed to have been chained up and deserted; and it was so thin that it must have been left for many days without food. By a feeble motion of its tail the poor creature showed the joy it felt at again seeing human beings.

officer. "We were never allowed to see this outlet to the harbor. And, had the dog not tracked them here, we should have known nothing of it. Chan Ok, after wrecking the *Serpent*, knowing that we had escaped and would spread the news of such a terrible outrage, came back to the island and ordered all hands to leave the settlement; then he lay off-shore with his fleet while those who remained brought everything they could around by the way we came just now, and all embarked here in his boats."

"No doubt you are right, Mr. Austin," replied the officer, "and I think our chase for the villain is just begun!"



DESTRUCTION OF THE PIRATE TOWN.

"Well now, consider that!" said Ben thoughtfully, as the men started to go back; "just see how this here little cre'tur that villain left behind has led us right onto his track! It just serves him right for his heartlessness."

It was almost morning when the party again boarded the frigate, and all hands were much disappointed at the pirate's escape; for now they knew that they must search for him in the open ocean—a difficult task!

The men had been resting on their arms beside the guns while the search party was ashore; and now, just as they expected to be dismissed without a shot, came the orders to

open fire on the deserted settlement and destroy it. The men jumped to this work with a will. The pivot gun on the forecastle broke the silence first, with its flame and roar; and the broadside guns followed, one after another, as fast as the men could sponge and load. Round shot, shell, grape, and canister hummed and whistled and rattled through the huts and buildings. Bursting shells lighted up the scene of destruction, revealing the fractured sides of the houses, and here and there a roof went leaping into the air when a shell burst within a house. The balls, bounding through the sandy streets, sent up ghostly volumes of sand looking weird and uncanny in the half-light, and then bounded

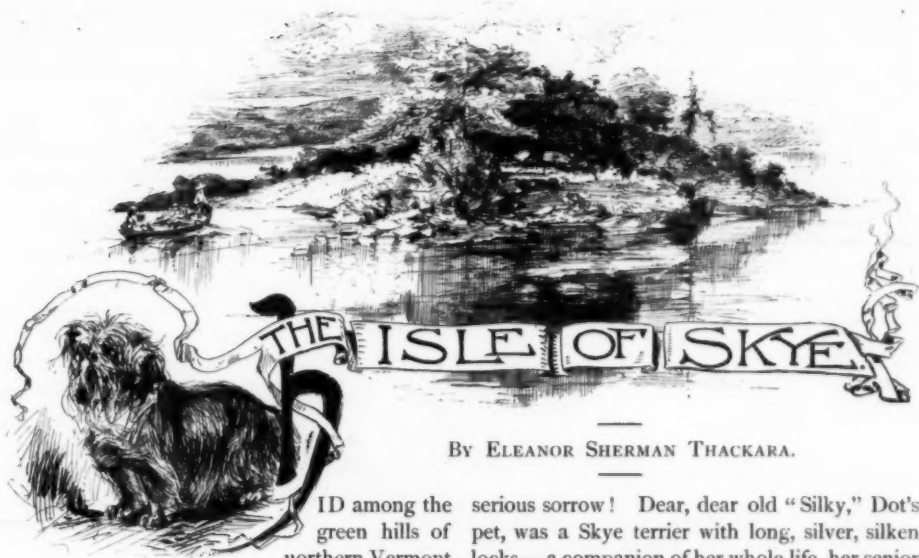
into the thick forest beyond, cutting great lanes among the trees. Soon a pall of smoke settled down over the scene, hiding both ship and shore from view. A few minutes more, and the order came to "Cease firing."

The great guns at once were silent, but the men of the crews stood beside them in amazement, for seemingly the bombardment continued. From each side, above and below, from all direc-

tions, came down wonderful echoes. The broad, low, rocky cliffs were sending back the roar of the guns in a Titanic clamor. Volleys rattled and rumbled from cliff to cliff. It was as if the pirates had opened their hill batteries.

Presently the echoes died away, and only the sounds made by the falling roofs and splintering beams of the houses were heard. Then, as the smoke gradually lifted, red tongues of flame could be seen sifting up through the shattered roofs set on fire by the shells, and flocks of wild parrots and other birds, awakened by the disturbance, set up their quavering screaming far back in the dense forest.

(To be concluded.)



BY ELEANOR SHERMAN THACKARA.

THE ID among the green hills of northern Vermont is a pretty farm village, sloping down to the bluest of blue lakes. The depths of its color gave the summer romancers an excuse for calling it Sapphire Lake. In the very center of this lake rose an island gem that might well have been named after Thomas Moore's Emerald Isle; but when our story begins it was nameless.

The birds loved this solitary spot for their summer sojourn, and made it merry with their sweet songs; but the practical farmer thought it an unhandy bit of soil.

The summer was well advanced, and the farms about had put on their best for the visitors, who rented the rooms of state, and rusticated with whatever comforts the Yankees knew how to afford. In the largest of these farms Mr. and Mrs. Northcott, and their pretty children, Dorothy, Babe, and Paul, had filled the quiet old place with hammocks, carts, ponies, and all the marks of a jolly summer. Dorothy was thirteen years old, while Babe was her junior and Paul some years older. The days were not long enough for their rambles and sports, and Paul proudly rowed his sunny-haired, sunny-hearted sisters over to the tiny isle whenever he was greatly pleased with them.

A companion in their games, their joys and very life was now a sorrow — their first and very

serious sorrow! Dear, dear old "Silky," Dot's pet, was a Skye terrier with long, silver, silken locks—a companion of her whole life, her senior by three years; and now he was failing inch by inch from sheer old age.

"Mama," said Dorothy, "dear old Silky is weaker every day. He cries at night, and Babe and I cannot make him comfortable."

"I fear, Dot, that he has had his day," said her mother.

"And we can never have another Silky!" said Dorothy, sadly.

In truth, Silky was a very valuable dog, and but a few years before, a gentleman during one of their walks had stopped the group of two little girls with their nurse, in whose company the perfect Skye terrier with almost trailing locks was frisking, and told them he would give one thousand dollars for the canine beauty.

The offer was duly reported to mama and papa, with indignant protests against the very possibility of such a sacrifice, yet with pride at the value of their little dog. And so Silky had been the Northcotts' pet, and rested in his pretty basket by night close to his tender owner's bed. Now, in his old days, he was moaning out his grief over failing health and strength.

One day Dorothy, returning from a long ramble up the hills, burst into tears to find her silver-haired favorite in agony.

"Paul," she sobbed out, "keep Silky well wrapped up while I send for the good old doctor."

She found that her father and mother had driven to the village near to meet a friend, and only a stable-boy remained in the barn. The boy harnessed the pony, but was afraid to drive it; so, with more directions to her sister and brother about their patient, Dorothy mounted the pony-cart. After a drive of several miles, she brought back the venerable medical adviser

seemingly trifling errand. She talked all the way home of her dying pet, and the poor pony had hard thoughts of his driver, who thoughtlessly plied the whip in her impatience.

When they reached the house, Dr. Starling looked upon the little roll of a dog, in soft, warm shawls on the best sofa, and said, turning to the anxious children:

"He shall not suffer much, but we cannot save him, poor little fellow!"

He drew a small vial from his pocket, and administered a fatal dose that would shorten the suffering, and then tried to console his young friends.

"He has been a good companion, I am sure," said he, "and he has had devoted friends."

"We all love him," said Babe, "as much as Dorothy does; but we knew he would die this summer."

"Oh, he was the best Skye in the world!" exclaimed Dot, bursting into tears.

"Come, come, my girl, you must not worry," said the old doctor sympathetically, and to his relief, Mr. and Mrs. Northcott returned at this moment. The humdrum business-friend whom they brought reserved his thoughts of the present tragedy, while papa and mama expressed their full sympathy with the children's sorrow.



DOT BRINGS THE DOCTOR IN HER PONY-CART.

of all the country round. Dr. Starling had for many years served the stern and economical people of the hills, who never sent hastily for this grave man except in very serious cases. Here he was, brought at breakneck speed to save the life of a lap-dog!

But beside him was the pitiful, pretty face of the anxious little lady who had really been the cause of his leaving his luncheon-table for this

So the thousand-dollar dog died, as he had lived, amid affection and luxury; and tears of real sorrow were shed over his couch.

But supper now claimed attention, and old Dr. Starling was invited to stay with the family. Poor Dorothy, refusing to eat, arranged the dead Skye for the night in a great, dreary smoke-house, blackened and deserted.

Paul was up with the dawn, while the girls

slept off their weeping—for he had promised Dorothy that he would find or make a good strong wooden box for Silky.

He hailed Joe, the stable-boy, and soon went with Joe to old Farmer Stern's tool-house. There the two boys began their work with the usual light-heartedness that the morning brings to youth. They whistled and talked by turns.

"You think a heap o' that 'ere dog," said Joe.

"Why, we have had him since before Dot was born, and he knew as much, or"—here Paul hesitated—"or more than some people."

"Where be ye goin' to stow him?" inquired the Yankee lad, as he held a fine piece of clean pine in the groove for the awkward young carpenter.

"Oh, the girls will choose a place and we will have only to do the work," said Paul.

And so they continued to hammer and saw and measure and fit, until by breakfast-time the pine box was almost made.

Its resting-place was soon chosen, and no

After breakfast Paul manned the rowboat, while Joe and Babe solemnly carried the pine box down the bank, and Dorothy, the chief mourner, followed with dignified sorrow.

"Put it head first," whispered Paul hastily to the awkward Joe.

"There she be," placidly returned that matter-of-fact individual, as he placed his burden in the bottom of the boat. When the girls were in, he pushed off and sprang into the bow as the oars splashed in the water. The island being reached, the little procession was again formed, the two boys bearing the box, after securing the boat, the girls bringing up the rear. Poor old Silky was soon under the dark rooty earth of the island, and our party of children rowed home with the comfort of knowing that all honor had been done their beloved pet.

Several days later, Dorothy said to her mother with great earnestness:

"Mama, you do not care if I use my saved money for a tombstone, do you?"



SILKY'S FUNERAL.

other spot was it than the eastern slope of the islet in Lake Sapphire. There it would be undisturbed, and within sight of the farm-house.

"SILKY,"
DOT NORTHCOTT'S SKYE,
AGE 16 YEARS.

was carefully printed upon the lid of the box in Paul's very best printing.

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"Well, no, my dear," was the reply, "but what do you expect to do with it?"

"I drove to a marble yard yesterday, and a man said he would make a white slab with this inscription on it for \$3.10"—and she showed her mother a scrap of paper on which she had printed, "SILKY, A BEAUTIFUL SKYE." "If you do not mind, I will tell him he can make it."

"If I might suggest 'Skye-terrier,' I think it would be more explicit," said mama.

"No! I would rather have just 'Silky,' then," said the solemn little girl; and she added, "May I tell the man to make it?"

"You may indeed, and I will go to the island when you have completed your work there," answered her mother.

Dorothy gave her mother a vigorous hug. She had feared the response might be that "wood was more suitable," or that she was a "foolish child," and had "already done too much for Silky!"

An hour later Dorothy and Babe sat in their pony-cart at the entrance of a large marble quarry. Beside them stood the dust-covered workman with his chisel in one hand, while the other rested upon a block of marble.

"This is the piece I picked out for your purpose," said he, "but I know your mother will not let you spend three dollars for a dog's grave."

"Indeed it was not an ordinary dog, but a thousand-dollar Skye-terrier, and we had him for fifteen years!" exclaimed the proud Miss Dorothy, impressively.

"But a terrier's a dog, and one dead dog's as good as another," said the marble-hearted son of toil.

"Well, I don't like to argue about Silky, and I do want the slab, and my mother said I could spend my own money for my pet; so when will you mark it?—just 'Silky,' you know."

"This very day, Miss; but \$3.10 is a heap to spend on a dead dog."

The poor pony again suffered in the cause of the Skye, and was made to trot briskly up and down the hills until they had reached the farm where Dot could pour forth her indignation to Paul. But the slab came the next day, and was so beautiful that Dorothy exclaimed:

"I do believe Mr. Marbleyard was teasing me!" and she added to the driver who had brought it, "Please give this \$3.10," counting it out carefully, "to your master, and tell him his work is so well done that I forgive his teasing about my poor little dog."

The gardener was pressed into service, and he, with the sturdy driver, managed to row over

to the island in Paul's boat, where they arranged the slab in their own fashion.

When they returned, the children impatiently jumped into the boat, and Paul rowed them to the sunny slope where they could see the white marble glistening in the sunlight.

But when they reached it, alas! they found the stone placed upright at doggy's feet! Dorothy had carefully instructed the men to lay it flat, and had described the head of the mound so clearly! Joe had joined them, and as they stood round the little spot he exclaimed, "Those fellows have put the monument at the critter's tail!"

His half-suppressed giggles were soon communicated to Paul, then to Babe, and even the solemn Dorothy had to join finally, and with very cheerful conversation they knelt down and worked hard until they had put the slab in the right place.

Patting the mound down with their hands, they were proud and satisfied with the result.

"Now," said the ever-practical Joe, "it's grub-time, so we'll be off home, if you please."

"You're right," said Paul; "I feel the hour myself. Come, girls!"

"Paul," interrupted Dorothy, "how do people name places?"

"Well, they just call them what they like, if there is no name already, and then the neighbors take it up and it gets to be the fashion."

"Now this island is just called 'the isle.' Could n't we name it 'The Isle of Skye'?" asked Dorothy, thoughtfully.

"That's lovely!" came from the appreciative Barbara.

"Such a name!" from the practical Joe.

"Girl-like, but not bad," condescended the big brother.

And the inhabitants adopted it gradually, with the reservation that it was "sort of romantic."

In no more remarkable a manner than I have described was the island named; and the facts are as true as they are simple, and I can assure you that the poor little Silky was indeed a thousand-dollar dog!

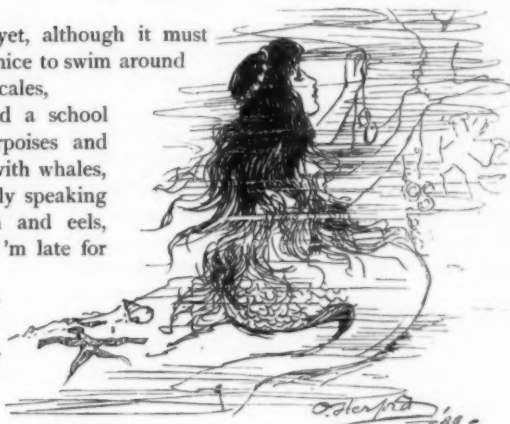
STOCKINGS OR SCALES.

BY O. HERFORD.



If I were asked of all things what I most would like
to be,
I'd choose to be a mermaid and live below the sea.
How nice, instead of walking, to swim around like
little whales,
And to wear, instead of stockings, many shiny pairs
of scales,
Which don't need changing every time that nurse
says they are wet,
And then to have no shoes that always come untied!
— and yet —

And yet, although it must
be nice to swim around
in scales,
To attend a school
of porpoises and
play at tag with whales,
To be on friendly speaking
terms with jellyfish and eels,
And never to be sent to bed or told I'm late for
meals;
Still, when I think of Christmas eve my
resolution fails,
For *what would Santa think if I hung
up a pair of scales?*



A PRAIRIE HOME.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

HAVE you ever seen a western prairie? If not, you might enjoy being there for a month in summer. As on the ocean, so on the prairie, there is usually a breeze to partly compensate for the lack of shade. Most prairies are slightly rolling or hilly, having somewhat the appearance of a sea with heavy waves, and occasionally, crowning one of these low swells, there is a grove of young trees. Sometimes, however, not even a shrub is visible for many miles.

Children whose parents have homes on the prairies can call the whole of those vast plains their playground. When spring has laid her coaxing hand upon the earth, and called up the green grass and bright flowers, nowhere in the world can a brisk run or a gentle stroll be more delightful than upon the rolling surface of one of these fertile stretches.

I know one prairie home which is seen for miles before you come to it, though it is almost hidden by the trees that cluster round it. Built on a very high swell, the house with its dormer windows and sharp gables looks as if it might have been put there for a lighthouse or lookout station, to guide on their way the "prairie schooners," as the canvas-covered "mover wagons" or emigrant vehicles are called.

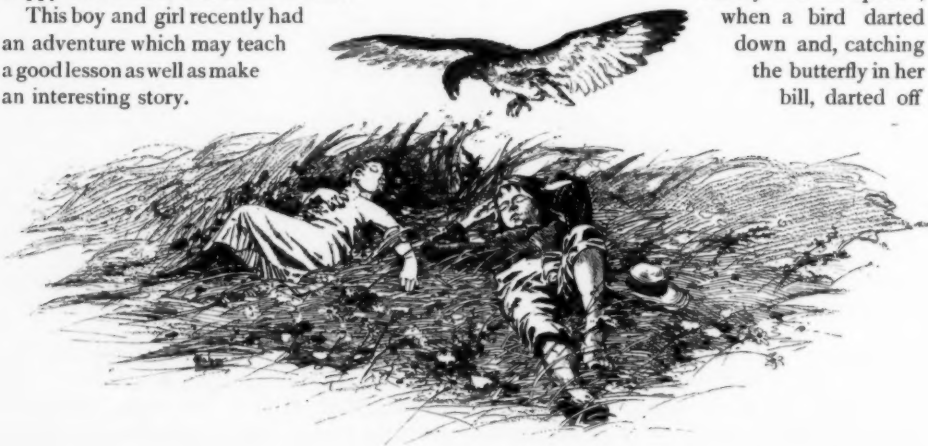
A bright boy of twelve and a pretty little girl of eight years are very happy in this comfortable home. In winter they play games in one gable of the large attic room, and read or study in the cozy library downstairs. In summer, when their lessons are over (their teacher lives with them), they run about on the green prairie, often bare-headed, till the sun toasts them as brown as buns. The wind blows their hair about so wildly that it sometimes looks as if it never could be combed or brushed into submission, and too often their hands and clothes become soiled with the prairie dirt, which is as black as soot. But they are never ill, and are so happy that a little dirt seems a trifle.

This boy and girl recently had an adventure which may teach a good lesson as well as make an interesting story.

I was asking questions one day about birds and butterflies, nests and eggs, insects and flowers,—as I always have been in the habit of doing,—when John and Lucy, both at once, started to tell me something about a little bird, and a butterfly, and a big hawk, and — I do not know what else — it was so mixed up together that I could not keep track of any of them. They both talked faster and louder as they became interested in the story. Finally I had to beg them to stop, which they kindly did. Then I asked Lucy which she would prefer, to tell the story or to have a new doll. After some thought she chose the doll, and the way being thus cleared for John, he entertained me with a graphic account of their curious adventure:

On a fine day in the latter part of May they went out for a long wild run over the grass. The wind was sweet with bloom-scents, the sunshine was delightfully soft and healthful. They were bare-headed and bare-footed, too, so that it was no trouble to run. They kept on in their merry race till they came to the summit of a distant hillock, where they lay down to rest, gazing up at the blue sky and fleecy clouds. Soon they saw a long-winged hawk sail round and round, high above them. Then a brilliant butterfly fluttered along, lazily flapping his gay fans.

"Oh, what a lovely one!" cried Lucy, but hardly had she spoken, when a bird darted down and, catching the butterfly in her bill, darted off



again, and, alighting upon the longest spray of a neighboring hedge, she proceeded to devour the gay insect.

"You cruel, ugly bird," said Lucy, "you deserve to have your little neck wrung for killing that pretty butterfly!"

"I wish that big hawk would pounce upon the savage little fellow and eat him, too!" said John. "Turn-about would be fair play."

But the bird sat on the hedge-branch and preened herself, as birds do to arrange their feathers. She did not seem a bit repentant for having killed the butterfly. In truth, she chirped and twittered gaily, till she chanced to notice the hawk. Then she turned her head to one side and ruffled her feathers, seeming much alarmed. John and Lucy looked on with half-closed eyes. But the weather was so balmy and sweet, and they were so tired, that in a little while both were sound asleep with heads pillowed on a soft tuft of grass and flowers. They had not noticed the bird's nest with four or five brown-speckled eggs in it, hidden in that very tuft. It was there, however; and when the bird saw the hawk she wanted to return to her nest. How could she get there? She was afraid that John and Lucy might be only feigning sleep. She fluttered round them chirping dolefully, not daring to go too near.

Meanwhile the great hawk was circling lower and lower, occasionally uttering a shrill scream. Perhaps the bird now began to realize how the butterfly felt just before it was caught and eaten up. Life is very sweet to every breathing thing. It seemed, however, as if nothing could save that little frightened prairie-bird's life if the hawk should strike—and soon it *did* strike! With a rushing sound, as its broad wings cut the air, it swooped, straight as an arrow, down at its tiny victim, which with a sharp cry darted in between the children's heads and cowered down upon her nest. John awoke just as the hawk dashed itself against his face in its eagerness to capture the bird. Lucy was aroused, too, by a huge wing brushing her cheek. They raised their heads and saw the hawk flying away.

"It is an eagle, and it tried to carry me off!" cried Lucy, her teeth chattering with fright.

"Yes, and I do believe it had me by the hair!" added John, his face quite pale and his eyes very wide open.

"I know it touched me. I felt it!" said Lucy.

"We had better be going home," said John.

"But it will catch us before we get there, I'm afraid," murmured Lucy.

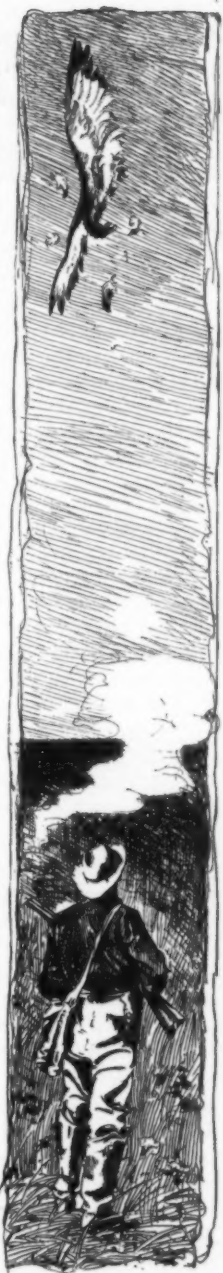
They were rising to go when John happened to spy the poor frightened bird crouched upon her nest. The little creature was so overpowered with fear that she dared not move though John touched her with his hand.

"It was a hawk, after all," said he to Lucy. "See, here is what it was after!"

Lucy looked, and seeing the bird, at once thought of the beautiful butterfly.

"Maybe now you know how it feels," she said to the bird. "Next time you let the poor butterfly alone. You deserve to be scared out of your senses! I hope it will teach you a lesson!"

On their way home the children met a man with a gun over his shoulder. He was carrying in his hand a large hawk which he had just shot. He let John take the great bird and examine its sharp talons and strong hooked bill.



"Oh, dear," said Lucy, "it 's a wonder it did n't tear our eyes out!"

The man looked at her and laughed. John then told him what had happened and how the hawk had awakened them.

"You 're a bad boy to tell such a rousing whopper as that," said the man, taking the hawk and trudging on.

"I guess he thought I was telling a big story," said John, laughing; "but if that hawk had hit him on the face as it did me he would n't have been so sure he knew all about it!"

But John undoubtedly told the truth, though the story does seem strange. But it is no more wonderful than many incidents that befell John and Lucy at their prairie home.

THE SWIMMING-HOLE STORIES.

BY WALTER STORRS BIGELOW.

VI. NATHAN DOOLITTLE'S LAWN PARTY.

"WHY don't you fellows come up to my house, sometimes?" said Nathan Doolittle.

"Oh, you live so far off, up hill, that we need a special invitation."

The other boys all laughed. The fact was, Nathan had asked them to his house a great many times, and they were tired of making excuses for not going.

Nathan had just now drawn himself out of the swimming-hole, by means of the big tree, and was sitting on the bank below, with his feet over the edge, dipping them into the current and watching the water curl around his sharp little ankle-bones. He was the last to leave the stream, and the other boys were in all stages of dressing, from Tommy Toles pulling a flannel shirt down over his shock of red hair, like an extinguisher putting out a candle, to Archie Lawrence slipping a neat city necktie under the round edge of his snowy linen collar. The country boys wore paper collars; but Archie, who came every summer from New York to visit his grandmother, wore linen ones, regardless of the trouble of "doing them up."

Nathan Doolittle was one of the kind of boys that are always hanging on at the edge of the circle, but never able to become a part of it. He lived in a great, staring, red brick house, set far back from the road, and approached

through a semicircular driveway that would have been inviting if lined with trees, but was hot and dusty because the only trees in front of the house were a few small evergreens near the center of the lawn, which was cut up and spoiled by stiff flower-beds. Standing about in the grass were several cast-iron dogs and a cast-iron deer. Instead of running away, the deer was trying to stare the dogs out of countenance.

Nathan said no more on the subject then; but the next afternoon, Wednesday, he appeared at the swimming-hole with the right pocket of his jacket bulging, and began at once to relieve it by handing around some rather soiled and crumpled sealed envelopes, of various shapes and sizes. In mine I found a half-sheet of note-paper, with this writing on it:

*Your parents is respectfully
Requested at a garden
Party on Saturday Afternoon
next.
Yours Truly
Nathan Doolittle*

Each of the others found in his envelop a like invitation.

"Is Saturday your birthday, Nathan?" asked Ed Bristol.

"No. Why?"

"Oh, nothing; I only thought perhaps it might be."

It was one thing not to go to Nathan's house when he asked us offhand, and quite another to refuse an invitation to a real party. We all accepted on the spot.

When we left the swimming-hole, we straggled along through the meadow, which was already turning brown, past the apple-tree from which the little red apples were all gone, and along the lane to the gate between it and the main village road. As we separated, Will Perkins called out:

"Nathan, what time will you expect us, Saturday?"

"Oh, about this time," answered Nathan, with an important air.

Saturday seemed like Sunday in my uncle's side yard, for none of the boys were there. They were all getting ready for the party. It seemed yet more like Sunday when, about a quarter to five o'clock, Charlie, Bobby, and I, dressed in our best clothes, started down the gravel path and went out the front gate. We turned to the right, and soon met two or three more boys, dressed up, as we were, and we all went up the hill toward Nathan's house.

As we entered, and walked along the driveway, we saw Nathan, and several early guests, standing around with their hands in their pockets on the lawn at the side of the house.

"Hullo, boys!" was Nathan's greeting. "Come over here."

We had expected to be asked into the house first; but were glad not to be, for Mrs. Doolittle did n't seem to like boys, and so boys did n't like Mrs. Doolittle. We had wondered that she allowed Nathan to have a party, anyway.

Before long, Lou Preston, Will Perkins, and Frank Barnes arrived, and, a few minutes later, some more boys. They all were asked, as we had been, to join the group on the side lawn.

The honors of host seemed to sit rather heavily on Nathan, and in consequence a chill was on the company. Nathan, we noticed, had on his every-day clothes; brown trousers, and a bottle-green jacket with bone buttons. We wished that we had ours on, too, so that we might lie around on the grass as usual.

"Let's play leapfrog," suggested Nathan desperately, at last.

As no one could think of an outdoor game better suited to our best clothes, we played leapfrog, but so cautiously that no frog would have recognized our leaps. In trying to vault Sam Seaver, who was long and awkward, and did n't bend over far enough, I stumbled headlong on my hands and knees. The skin was scraped from the palms of my hands, and in its place was spread a thin layer of dark-brown earth, well ground on and streaked with green. My hands smarted, but were not so sore as my feelings when I looked down and found two hopeless grass-stains on my trousers, just below the knees. They were my white duck trousers, the pride of summer, made over for me out of a pair in which bluff Uncle Harry had often paced the quarter-deck of his frigate, in fine weather. The sight almost took away my appetite for supper. By this time, none of the boys were so spruce as when they came. Their wristbands were wrinkled and their hands were grimy; but they were more than ready for the hot biscuit, cold ham, and perhaps ice-cream, in prospect, when Nathan asked:

"What time is it, Charlie?"

Charlie looked at a new silver watch, with an effort to appear quite used to it.

"Ten minutes past six."

"Is that so? Why, it's after supper-time! Have you fellows had your grub?"

For a minute you might have heard a mosquito sharpening his bill. Then some one answered faintly, "No."

"Well, I must go now, and get mine. You just make yourselves at home, and I'll be back before long."

"Hold on, Nathan," drawled Lou Preston. "I'd like to understand this. The fact is, we thought we were invited to take supper with you."

"Oh, no; I did n't mean that. I was afraid you thought so, when I saw you all dressed up. But perhaps mother will—"

"You need n't ask her. I guess we'll go now—won't we, boys?"

In less than half an hour, fifteen very hungry boys arrived, unexpected, at their homes, told their story, and were glad to eat whatever they could get, instead of a lawn-party supper.

THE SAD HISTORY OF WILL O' THE WISP.

BY MARION C. WATERMAN.



THE wind blew high, the wind blew low,
The moon paled in the west;
Small hares came out and danced about
With the birds from the White Owl's nest.

An Elf lay hid in cowslip lid,
At fall of summer even,
When, thro' the dark, like fireflies' spark,
A star fell out from heaven.

He leaped on the back of a cricket black,
His torch was a wisp of hay;
Thro' brush and brier, thro' brook and fire
He followed the star's bright ray

The frogs croaked deep, where grasses sleep;
The mist wreath circled the hill;
But wide and far he sought the star
Thro' the midnight dark and chill.

The Elfin court held rarest sport
And tripped it on the grass,
But must away, at break of day,
Lest mortal footstep pass.

The tiny Queen wore robe of green
And kirtle 'broidered fine;
About her feet rang music sweet,
Four silver bells and nine.

"'T is time," saith she, "to haste with me;
The dawn comes up the hill,
The hour is late, we may not wait —
But where is Wandering Will?"

The truant Elf, a sorry self,
Came slowly up the lea —
Weary and spent, stained and besprent,
A woful sight was he.

"Why, luckless wight, this fearful plight?"
Up spake the Elfin Queen;
"The White Owl cries, the darkness flies,
Elves must no more be seen.

"Thy mantle torn, thy vow forsworn,
Thou mayst no more remain
With Elfin Band in Elfin Land,
Till pardon thou obtain.

"The wisp of hay shall light thy way,
Be Will o' the Wisp thy name —
When sunbeams die and night moths fly,
Thine errand aye the same.

"And this shall be thy penalty —
A mortal, here to stay,
And, near or far, to seek the star
An age long and a day."

The Gray Cock crew, the White Owl flew,
The dawn came up the sky;
The small hares creep to covert deep,
The Elfin Ring is dry.

The wind blows east, the wind blows west,
An age long and a day;
Thro' fragrant swamp, thro' meadows damp
Runs Will o' the Wisp his way.



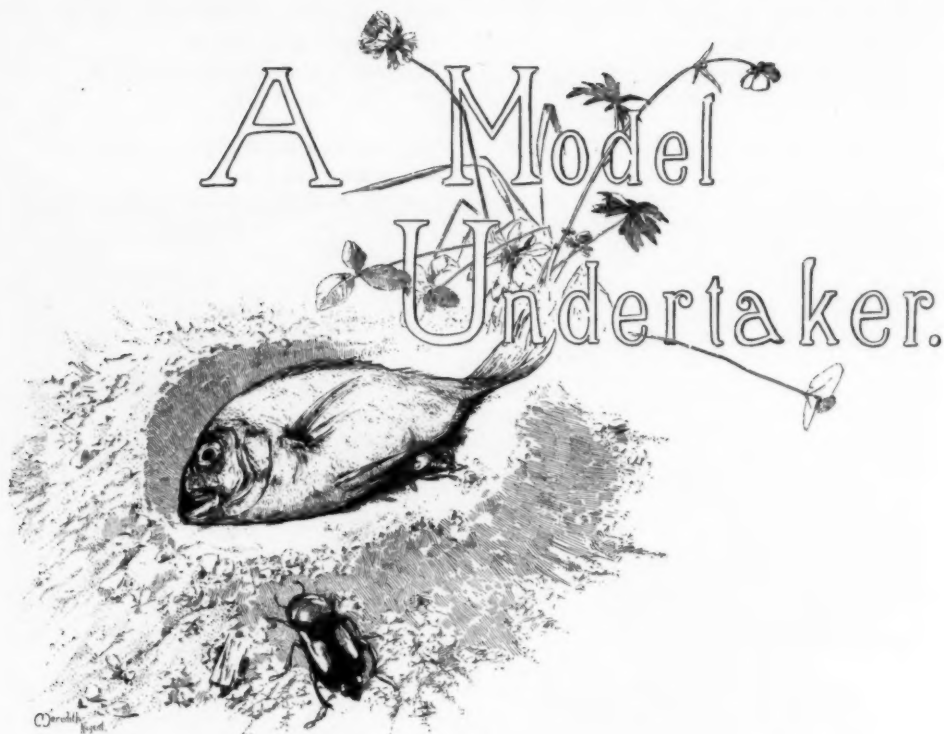
"BE WILL O' THE WISP THY NAME —"

The Elf, he heard, with ne'er a word.
But lo! from tree-top still
A waking bird had overheard
And chuckled,—"Whip-poor-Will."

Up rose the Queen with angry mien;
"The word is meet," spake she;
"Thou mocking voice, since 't is thy choice,
Go bear him company!"

A wandering light across the night,
He seeks in summer even,
When sunbeams die, and night moths fly,
The star that fell from heaven.

And on his track the wind brings back,
When nights are warm and still,
In notes of fear, from thickets near,
The bird's cry, "Whip-poor-Will."



BY T. D. WITHERSPOON.

It was on the bank of the Rowanty, one of our pleasant little lowland streams, that I made his acquaintance. I had been sitting for more than an hour watching the play of the silver minnow on my hook, waiting in vain for the enticement of some unwary fish. Meanwhile there had been lying only a few feet from me, on the hard path which the fishermen's feet had worn along the stream, a little fresh-water bream, called by the anglers on the Rowanty the "red-throat," because of the rich crimson coloring of its throat and breast. Too small for the fisherman's basket, and too large to be used as bait, it had been thrown out on the shore to die; and there it lay, a chubby, finny little specimen, four inches in length, its crimson breast exposed to the hot sun.

Attracted by its beauty, I was watching it, when I detected a motion of the dead form, so

distinct that it could not be mistaken. Drawing nearer to find the cause, I saw the short stout antennæ of a beetle protruding from beneath the body of the red-throat, and two great goggle-eyes peering at me, as if to say, "This is my business. Will you let me alone?" So then I knew what was making the fish stir, and I determined to watch the little worker.

No sooner had I seated myself than the two antennæ were withdrawn, the goggle-eyes disappeared, and the motion was renewed. Putting my face near to the ground, and looking under as the fish was lifted from the earth, I saw the disturber, a bluish-black beetle, an inch or more in length, with thick short legs, and stout blunt antennæ. He was lying on his back, his feet braced against the body of the fish above him, his six stout legs thrusting upward with quick alternate motions, as he lifted the upper

part of the fish slowly until the head was more than an inch from the ground, and only the tail touched the earth.

The bug then stopped as if to take breath, and I could not blame him, for he must have been lifting at least twenty times his own weight. But the busy feet quickly began to ply again, and it was evident that he was trying to move his burden from its place. He edged it around slowly until its head was at right angles to the path. Then he made a strong effort to thrust it forward, in the intensity of his zeal lifting the lower part of his body entirely from the ground, so that he stood upon his head. It was in vain, however. The friction at the other end was too great. There was not even a hair's breadth of progress. At length the overstrained muscles began to relax. The head of the fish came slowly down. The effort had failed. Again and again it was renewed, each time with a slight change of posture, but all in vain. The fish did not stir. What should the beetle do?

Well, like a prudent workman, he took time to think. Our Atlas, who had failed to carry the world on his shoulders, came out and walked around his burden as if to inspect it, and while he was doing so I had a good opportunity to inspect him.

One good look, and I knew who he was, for he has been fully described in Jaeger's "Life of North American Insects." Jaeger says: "A large black head, with antennæ terminating in orange-colored knobs; a round black thorax, and orange-colored, truncated wing covers, with undulating black bands crossing the middle of both wings."

By this time I knew what he intended to do. He is a professional undertaker, as his two scientific names indicate. In the cabinets of naturalists he is sometimes labeled *Necrophorus*, which is compounded of two Greek words, and means a bearer of the dead, and sometimes *Vespillo*, a Latin word, said to mean one who carried out the poor at evening time for burial.

His office, then, is to bury the dead. He does not wait to be sent for. He does not work for hire. Wherever he finds the body of a dead bird, or mouse, or fish, or frog, or other small animal, he sets himself to the task of giving it a decent burial. For this service he has been

noted since the days of Aristotle, who makes honorable mention of him; and though he has never attained to the celebrity of his first cousin, the sacred beetle of Egypt, who was for many ages an object of worship, he has always maintained a good reputation, and been in high respect with the naturalists—which is far more than can be said of the *Dermestidae*, another set of beetles, his cousins, who make such havoc among the preserved insects and stuffed animals in our museums.

There are some very interesting stories told of these undertakers, or "sexton beetles," as they are also called.

The author of that very entertaining work, "Population of an Old Pear Tree," says, "One of these beetles has been known to bury an animal forty times its own size without any assistance." Mr. Wood, in his "Illustrated Natural History," says, "Two of these beetles have been known to cover up a sparrow within a few hours, and so unwearied are they that if several are placed in a vessel filled with earth, and kept constantly supplied with dead frogs, mice, etc., they will continue to bury them as long as the supply is kept up." M. Figuier, in his "Insect World," tells us: "In fifty days four beetles had buried in a small space of earth four frogs, three small birds, two fishes, one mole, and two grasshoppers, besides part of a fish and two morsels of the lungs of an ox."

So you see these grave-diggers are not only stalwart but industrious. I had reason to expect great things of my workman.

He was in trouble. The ground in the path was too hard to dig with such tools as he had. The fish must be moved at least two feet to find proper soil. How could it be done? That evidently was perplexing his little brain, for he seemed to stop and think. At length a bright idea struck him. He would do what every sensible man ought to do when he gets into business trouble. He would go home and consult his wife. At least I supposed that to be his conclusion, for he flew away and returned after a brief interval accompanied by another beetle, a little smaller and more delicate of organization than himself. It was certainly good of her to leave her domestic duties and come to help him. And, while the old adage, "Two

heads are better than one," is always true, it was especially so in a case like this, where each head had to serve as a fulcrum.

The two were soon at their post. They first ran around the body, until they met. Then they seemed to be conferring for a moment. Next they passed under the body at opposite sides and began to lift. The head rose slowly again, and then both the toilers could be distinctly seen at work. Our original friend was lying on his back, as at first, with feet in the air, lifting the upper part of the fish from the ground. His mate was just behind him, standing upon her hind feet, her fore feet, antennæ and mandibles wedged between the scales of the fish above her while she was thrusting forward with all her might to push along the fish as her mate lifted. All in vain! There was still no advance. Again there seemed to be a conference. Then the head rose again, lifted as before; but when it had reached its utmost height, she reared herself upon her hind feet, braced herself so as to receive upon her head the whole weight, and thus set free the other beetle, who ran around behind the fish, turned his back to it, worked himself backward under the fan of the tail until he was almost concealed from view, then buried his orange-colored antennæ in the earth, humped his back, gave one resolute thrust, and away went red-throat, "little wife, and all." The movement had been so sudden that his companion was taken quite unawares, but though she was thrown some distance with the weight of the whole fish upon her, she did not seem at all discomfited, but was out and up on her feet again, evidently delighted that more than an inch of progress had been made.

Thus, inch by inch, these two patient toilers carried their load, sometimes lifting as I have described, sometimes tugging with their horny forceps, sometimes pushing and thrusting with every posture and method. In a half-hour they had made less than a foot of progress.

Two hours later, when I returned from a fishing jaunt along the stream, they had reached the edge of the path, where there is a steep decline for eighteen inches toward the stream, and below it a soft bed of sandy loam. As it was the hour appointed for luncheon, and my

comrades had not yet come, I waited to witness the burial, or at least the steps toward it.

In a few minutes the edge of the steep declivity had been reached. One beetle was on his back under the fish, pushing with all his might. The other was in front tugging with her teeth. Suddenly, as the verge was reached, the fish toppled; a miniature avalanche was set in motion, and down to the bottom went the three, the fish on top, the two sextons underneath. Thus they came to the grave, preparation for which had been made in my absence by clearing away leaves and small sticks, and by probing to see that there were no roots or large stones.

The body being now in place, excavations for its burial were immediately begun. Each of the beetles passing under began to dig away the soil and to thrust it backward with the feet. Soon, all around the body, at the distance of an inch or so from it, reminding one of the hasty intrenchment about some military camp, rose a little embankment of finely pulverized earth, which had been dug with the strong forceps that served as picks, and thrown back with the six horny feet that supplied the place of shovels. The body gradually sank as the embankment slowly rose, the head lingering longest above the original level.

I returned from time to time to watch the progress of the burial. When the shadows of evening were falling, and I returned for the last time, a portion of the head was still visible, all the rest being under the earth. In a few hours more the little red-throat was lying three or four inches under the ground, as neatly and carefully buried as if some man had done the work.

"What noble, unselfish fellows they must be!" I think I hear you say.

Not so unselfish, though, after all; for when the little fish has finally been laid at rest many small white eggs will be deposited in the body. In about a fortnight the eggs will hatch. The larva proceeding from each egg will find its proper food in the body of the fish; and after feeding upon it for a month, until fully grown, will leave the dead body and go several inches deeper in the ground, where it will form a cocoon. There it will sleep for four weeks more, and then come forth a fully equipped beetle.

HOW THE GREAT PLAN WORKED.

BY VICTOR MAPES.



How Bobby could do such a thing, I'm sure I don't know. For Bobby was n't the least bit of a bad boy; indeed, that very morning, Aunt Sarah had given him a piece of jelly-cake because he was such a good boy to find her glasses for her. Perhaps he did n't think about its being good or bad at all; but just thought it would be fun and did it. Of course he had to be punished; but he seemed so sorry, when he found out that he ought not to have done it, that his father made the punishment very easy—Bobby could n't go roller-skating in the park next day—that was all. And Aunt Sarah gave him another piece of cake for acting like a little man;

so, you see, it did n't have any very serious consequences. The way it happened was just this:

Bobby's two big brothers, Frank and Henry, were both athletes at Harvard College,—one was a runner, the other a jumper,—and together they had won a great many prizes. Mrs. Vane, Bobby's mother, like most other mothers, thought her sons were the finest athletes and the finest boys in the world; and she was so proud of the prizes they had won that she did n't know how to make enough of them. She bought a beautiful old "antique" cabinet to put them in, and had it placed right in the corner of the reception-room, where everybody that came to the house might see it. And the prizes were all beautifully arranged in it—the medals in pretty little plush cases, and the cups and pitchers and other kinds of silverware all set out in the most beautiful manner on a velvet cloth of the richest dark crimson. She kept the key of the cabinet safely in her jewel-box, and when anybody admired the prizes very much through the glass doors of the cabinet, she would send Bobby up for the key, or run up and get it herself, and then take out all the different prizes and tell about them individually—how beautiful they all were, and how gloriously Frank had run or Henry had jumped to win them.

Bobby, too, of course was proud of his brothers, and he had long ago made up his mind that he was going to be a great athlete himself, and win prizes just like Frank and Henry. Indeed, he had already run some great races round the circle in the park with Tommy White and Fred Vail, and all the other boys he played with. He had been many times to see his brothers run and jump, and he knew all about the regular games—all about the referee (the man who decided who won the race), and the time-keepers, and the handicaps (the starts that the good runners gave the poorer ones, so as to make the race exciting), and the starter (the

man who fired the pistol for the race to start), and the tape at the finish (that the referee looked along with his eye to tell exactly which runner won)—and all the "different features of real athletic games.

Well, one day—the day it all happened—a great idea came into Bobby's head. Why could n't he and Tom White get up a regular set of races in the park, just like the real ones? He could be referee, and Tom White starter; and they would have a tape at the finish, and handicaps, and make the different boys wear numbers when they ran, and do everything as in a real race. And they would make each boy that wanted to run give a "pure agate" as an entrance-fee.

He told Tommy White about his plan before school-time, and Tommy White thought it was magnificent—only what could they have for prizes to make a boy willing to give up a pure agate to try for them? And what do you think Bobby answered? Why, "All those medals and things in the cabinet, home." He knew where the key was, and they would set them out on a table in the park, just as they did in the real games. Tommy White fairly jumped for joy at the idea.

All the morning in school they could n't do anything else but think about it. They kept passing notes to each other full of all the different particulars about their big plan—how many races they would have, and how long each was to be, and how much handicap boys thirteen years old would have to give boys under thirteen, and ever so many other things. And long before recess came, every boy in the room had got news of it all; and there was so much excitement in school that poor Miss Love, the teacher, did n't know what in the world to make of it. She scolded and fretted and stood Tommy White up in the corner for talking; but even then she could n't keep things quiet. And when recess came, all the boys rushed around Bobby and Tommy, and there was the greatest kind of a hubbub till Miss Love made them sit down and try to eat their luncheons quietly.

Just as soon as school was out, the news spread like wildfire. In half an hour there was a perfect swarm of boys in the park, crowding around a table whereon were all the prizes—

which big Bert Smith had charge of and would n't let anybody touch. Boys came from all over, boys whom Bobby had never seen in the park before, nor Tommy White either. Boys from other schools and other streets all heard about the races in some marvelous way, and came to find out if it were true, and to have a chance at the prizes.

Never before in his life had Bobby felt half so big. He stood there, up on one of the benches, feeling like a great man of some sort, holding in one hand his marble-bag almost full of pure agates, and telling rules and explaining things



"HE TOLD TOMMY WHITE ABOUT HIS PLAN BEFORE SCHOOL-TIME."

to all the boys who were crowding around and asking questions. Tommy White was sitting on the bench, right at Bobby's feet, with a book and pencil in his hand, taking down the names of the boys who were going to run. As each boy came up with his pure agate, Bobby examined it to see if it was a real one and did n't have too much quartz in it, or too many nicks; and just as soon as he said it was all right and put it in his marble-bag, Tommy White spelled down in the book the boy's name and his age and address, just like the regular official at the games. So many boys came up—boys of all sizes and ages—and there were getting to be so many names in the book, and so much noise and

excitement to have the races begin, that pretty soon Bobby announced that he was going to "close the entries" for the first race. That was the regular expression he had heard his brothers speak of, and he was almost sure that he knew what it meant.

"Any other boys," he said, "who want to run will have to give in their names after the first race."

Then he got down from the bench, and he and Tommy White went off to another bench to decide about the first race. They would n't let anybody come near them, and all the boys stood around in a great state of excitement, looking at the prizes with open mouths, and talking about them, and looking at Bobby and Tommy as they deliberated with their heads together. And each boy who was going to run kept casting glances at all the others who had given in pure agates—the little boys saying to one another how unfair it was that such big boys were to be allowed to run in the race against them, and the big boys wondering how much start the little fellows were likely to get. And little clumps were whispering together about which boys were the fastest runners, and whether they were going to stuff handkerchiefs in their mouths, or take off their coats—in fact, everybody was very nervous and excited, and the boys were doing and saying all sorts of things.

Then Bobby and Tommy came back, and everybody stopped talking, and, in great suspense, they all crowded around Bobby, as he got up on the bench again to tell about the first race. Tommy White, at the same time, ran over to the table where the medals were and brought back a fine large gold medal, in a case, and a great big silver cup. He climbed up on the bench and stood there, alongside of Bobby, holding the two prizes in his hands. All the boys crowded closer and murmured and listened.

"The first race," said Bobby, "is going to be once around the circle, and these are the two prizes for it—the medal's first prize, and the cup's second. And only those boys who are thirteen years old can go in the first race, and there won't be any handicaps at all. The other boys who have given me pure agates will have to wait for the next race."

Some of the big boys were disappointed at

this announcement, because they could n't have a chance at that particular medal; others were glad because they thought some of the prizes on the table were prettier. But the talk lasted for only a minute; for Bobby and Tommy White got down and went over to the chalk-line where the start was going to be, and called for all the boys thirteen years old who had their names down, to come and stand on the line. All the thirteen-year-old boys hurried up and crowded for places on the line.

Then Tommy White opened the book, just as the man does at the regular games, and called out the names, and told the boys to answer when their names were called. While that was going on, Bobby took out a ball of red yarn from his trousers pocket, and told two boys to stand on opposite sides of the path and stretch it across as a finishing-tape. Then, when the tape was ready and Bobby had run his eye along it to see that it was all right, and all the names had been called, Tommy White took out his cap-pistol and a box of caps from his pocket, and got it ready to start the race with. The crowd of boys and girls all moved back, in order to give the runners full room, and everybody waited for the start.

Bobby got in position so he could run his eye along the tape, and Tommy White stood behind the line of thirteen-year-old boys, all standing with one foot forward, ready to start.

"Now," said Tommy White, "you all understand that I'm going to say: 'Are you ready? On your marks,' and then, when I fire the pistol, you go."

None of the boys knew exactly what the words meant; but they bent farther forward, and every one understood that the pistol was the signal to go.

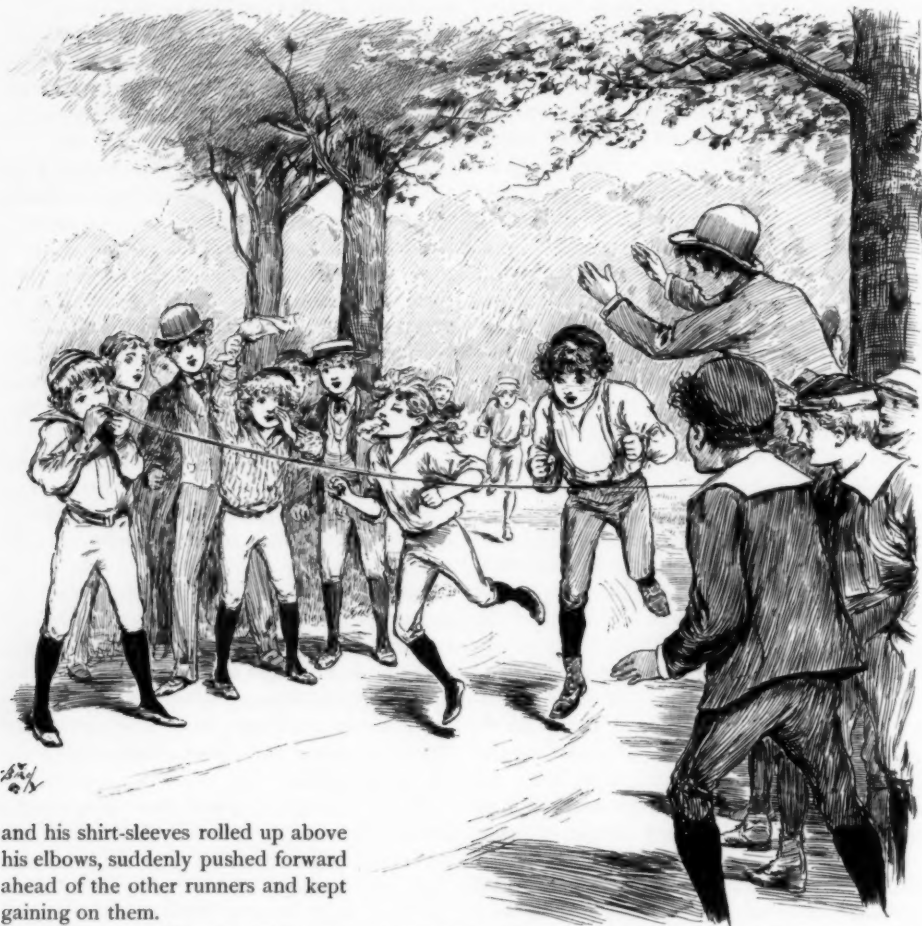
"Now," said Tommy White, raising the pistol up above his head, "is everything right?" Everything was right. "Are—you—ready?" The line stood trembling, all bent forward. "On your marks." The line bent a little farther forward, and the suspense was awful. "Snap!" went the pistol, and the runners plunged forward.

"Hey!" "Go on, Billy!" "Go it, Frank!" shouted the crowd, as it flooded over the path behind the runners, eager with excitement.

"Hey!" "Tot!" "Tot!" "Tot!" "Tot!"

and even Bobby forgot for a moment that he was referee, and shouted too, as little Tot Leonard, with his handkerchief stuffed in his mouth, his long hair sailing out in the breeze,

you, Tot!" "Keep on, Tot!" Tot's head was away up in the air, and the handkerchief was fluttering out of his mouth, but he would n't let Harry by him. His legs were tired, and he



and his shirt-sleeves rolled up above his elbows, suddenly pushed forward ahead of the other runners and kept gaining on them.

"Harry!" "Harry!" "Go on, Tot! Tot!" "Oh, he's tired — hey!"

"Harry! Harry!" They were half-way round by this time, and big Harry Kane forged ahead of the straggling bunch and was racing nip-and-tuck with little Tot for first place. The crowd, carried away by excitement, ran toward them, and yelled and jumped for Harry or for Tot.

"Harry!" "Harry!" "Don't let him pass

"LITTLE TOT, WITH BIG HARRY RIGHT AT HIS SHOULDER, STRUGGLED OVER THE LINE A WINNER." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

could hardly get his breath, and he thought he should never get to the finish; but he kept his teeth set on the handkerchief, and he *would n't* let Harry by him—not till he dropped, anyway. And he pushed along pluckily, looking up to the sky and feeling a sort of wild agony for the finish.

"Harry!" "Harry!" yelled the crowd,

as Harry made a terrible effort at the last curve to get the lead.

"Hey!" "Tot!" "Look at Tot!" "T-o-t!!" Yes, and little Tot it was, too! He was bound Harry should n't pass him, and Harry never did pass him. His big head hung far back almost on his shoulders, and his eyes were shut, but he kept the inside track, and he knew the tape was just ahead. And as the crowd jammed back, shrieking frantically, little Tot, with big Harry right at his shoulder, struggled over the line a winner.

Then he stumbled and pitched down all in a heap. And when they ran and picked him up tears were running down his cheeks, and he was sobbing quietly to himself.

But just at that very minute, while the race was finishing and the crowd was screaming with excitement, and Bobby, the referee, was squinting along the tape, a new spectator had appeared on the scene — none other than Muggins, the butler, whom Mrs. Vane, in alarm, had sent out to see where Bobby was, and to find out what awful thing had happened to all her prizes. And that great, big, mean man of a Muggins put an end to the whole thing! He would n't let Tot or Harry have the prizes they had won, but jammed all the medal-boxes into his pockets, and took the cups on his arm, and made Bobby walk straight home with him without even giving the "referee" time to return the pure agates. And he told two boys to carry along the table.

Then the whole crowd marched, in a sort of a procession, over to Bobby's house. Muggins led the way with the cups in his arm, dragging Bobby by the hand. Tommy White, Lew Vail, and the table, with two or three other boys around it, followed next; and then came the straggling crowd of boys, girls, nurses, and babies, following along, most of them laughing

at Muggins and Bobby, but every one of them disappointed that the great races had been spoiled. And away back, near the rear of the procession, was poor little Tot, with a few boys around him, wiping his eyes and hot face, still trembling a little and somewhat bewildered by it all.

Bobby's mother from her window saw them coming and went rushing down to the door. "Oh, Bobby, how could you?" was all she said to her sheepish darling, and Bobby, who now realized for the first time that he had been a very bad boy, felt too sorry to say anything.

"Have you got them all, Muggins?"

Yes, they were all there; not one was lost.

Muggins went out and took the table from Tommy White and Lew Vail, and Tommy asked Muggins to get the marble-bag from Bobby.

In a few minutes Muggins brought it out, and Tommy told all the boys to come over to the park with him and he'd give them back their pure agates. And so the crowd moved back to the park.

Bobby went upstairs with his mother and tried to tell her how it was; but he soon broke down and had a good cry. His mother felt sorry for him and told him not to cry; she knew he did n't mean any wrong by it. And when Bobby's father came home that night, Mrs. Vane told him all about it; and, as I have said, he did n't punish Bobby very seriously. He only told Bobby not to go in the park next day; which punishment Bobby did n't mind very much, because, to tell the truth, he was just a little afraid that the boys would laugh at him. So he stayed in the house all day Saturday and read two whole stories from the "Arabian Nights," and Aunt Sarah gave him a piece of jelly-cake. And that was the end of it.



CHOOSING A BOAT.

BY F. W. PANGBORN.

WHEN a boy has learned to sail a boat and has discovered how very delightful sailing is, he is sure to wish for a yacht of his own; nor is he likely to be content until the desire for ownership shall have been satisfied by actual possession. The chief obstacle with which he has to contend, of course, is the cost, for yachts are expensive toys, and not every one can afford to purchase them. But a careful and patient person may, nevertheless, possess himself of a small yacht, if he will buy with discretion and at the right season of the year, which is the autumn. Yachtsmen are droll fellows; they build costly boats, use them a year or two, and then sell them for any price they can secure, often less than a quarter of their original cost. Therefore I say that the ownership of a nice little yacht is not beyond the possibilities, if a boy loves a boat, and is determined to own one; for pluck, luck, and patience accomplish wonders.

You can get an idea of the prices which second-hand boats bring from the following table, which I think you will find interesting:

STYLE OF YACHT.	LENGTH.	COST.	PRICE.
Cat.....	14	\$250	\$40
Cat.....	17	300	175
Cutter.....	22	800	200
Sloop.....	26	900	200
Yawl.....	23	450	250
Cat.....	22	700	200
Cat.....	33	750	350
Sloop.....	23	750	250
Sharpie.....	20	150	25
Cat.....	18	275	100
Cat.....	18	350	175
Sloop.....	31	1600	1000
Cat.....	17	300	75
Cat.....	26	650	225
Sloop.....	33	2100	450
Cat.....	26	1100	500

These figures are given me by owners who have sold their boats, and should be a fair indication of what your fathers would call "the state of the market."

You will probably be somewhat perplexed

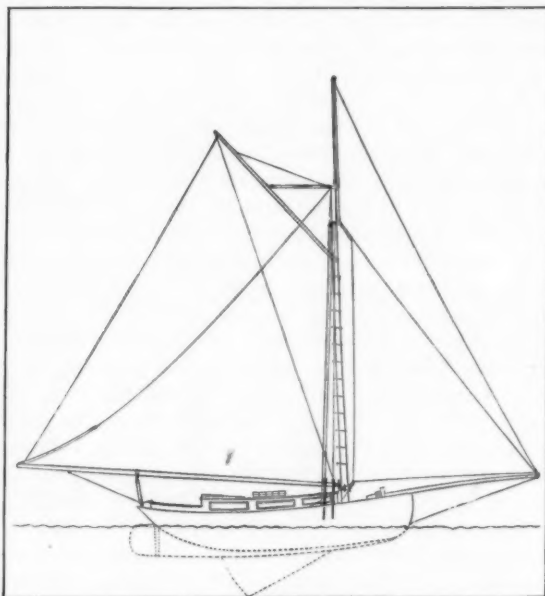


FIG. 1. SLOOP.

when I tell you that, in selecting a small sailboat, you have no less than five kinds of boats from which to choose, and that each may be better than all the others, in view of the use which you intend to make of it. The catboat has already been described in *St. NICHOLAS*, and possibly you have decided that nothing but a "cat" will suit you; but it is nevertheless a fact that sloops, cutters, yawls, and sharpies all have points of superiority over the catboat; and, when one intends to buy, it is better not to jump to conclusions but to make a careful and intelligent selection.

The sloop (Fig. 1) differs from the "cat"

essentially. A catboat is propelled by driving-sail only; the sloop has both driving-sail and pulling-sail, for she carries, in addition to the

of the jib first and work your boat with mainsail alone in all emergencies that occur when sailing to windward. In running before a strong wind, a reefed mainsail and a full jib give the best results; and sloops are better than catboats when running free, because the jib counteracts the tendency to luff, to steer hard, and to roll, all of which traits are ever present in the frisky catboat. Observe one rule at all times when sailing a sloop: Never fasten the jib so that it cannot be instantly cast off. Fastened jib-sheets cause nearly all the capsize which occur in sloop-sailing.



FIG. 2. CUTTER.

mainsail of the catboat, a head-sail called the "jib." The mainsail, as you know, tends to "luff" the boat's nose into the wind, but the jib has the reverse effect and tends to force the bow off and away from the wind. These sails, if properly proportioned, cause the yacht to keep a straight course, to steer easily, and to sail without burying her head; for the jib lifts the bow, and the mainsail, being set back near the middle of the boat, does not drive her "down by the eyes," as does the sail of a catboat. In sailing a sloop, however, great care must be exercised; for this little jib is a treacherous sail and will lead you into trouble if you do not understand its wayward tricks. The rules for sloop-sailing are, briefly, these: Before "going about," cast off the jib; before coming to anchor or rounding-up to a mooring, lower the jib; when a squall strikes, cast off the jib. In fine, get rid

of yacht; and very many successful racers, from the big "Volunteer" to the little twenty-footer winners in yacht-club regattas, have no doubt

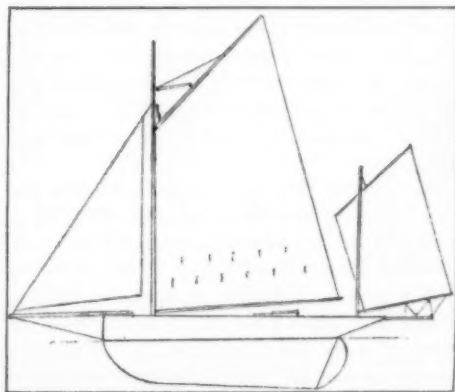


FIG. 3. THE YAWL.

been sloops. But the sloop-rig is not by any means the safest and handiest for comfortable cruising. The yawl and sharpie are much safer and handier than the catboat and sloop, as you can see from the drawings.

You will notice that the yawl (Fig. 3) has an extra sail set at the stern. This is called a "driver," "mizzen," "jigger," or "dandy"; and it is a veritable friend in need at all times, requiring no care, and being always ready to

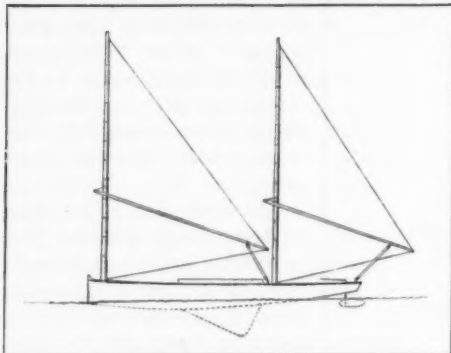


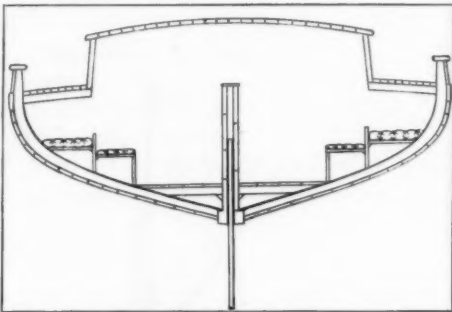
FIG. 4. A SHARPIE.

save you from a capsize and to help you in every maneuver. Its position is such that it always tends to luff the boat. If a squall strikes a yawl, she may right herself because of the pressure on this little driver; if a severe blow comes on, you can sail in safety with jib and driver alone, the mainsail being furled; in fact the yawl, with her mainsail down, is perfectly manageable, and as safe as safe can be. No reefing is necessary; just lower the mainsail and your yawl is "reefed" at once for the worst kind of weather. There is always plenty of driving-sail behind, and with the jib in front to balance this your boat is under full control. No sloop or catboat possesses such attributes of handiness and safety.

The sharpie (Fig. 4) is a yawl without a jib, and with a different cut of canvas. This rig is common on Long Island Sound, and is generally used for flat-bottomed boats. A sharpie is the best boat for very shallow inland waters, but not well adapted to a rough sea. Some very large sharpies carry jibs; but they are then really yawls, not sharpies; and some yawls are rigged without jibs, in which case they are called cat-

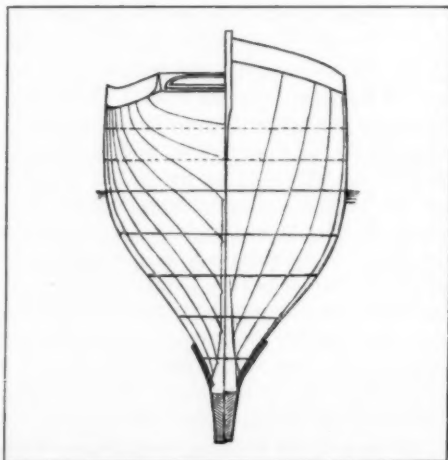
yawls and are safer than the single-sail catboat. The flat-bottomed sharpie is the cheapest boat to build, costing not half so much as a round-modeled hull.

A word as to centerboard and keel. In buying



MIDSHIP SECTION OF TYPICAL CENTERBOARD SLOOP-YACHT.

a small cruising yacht, first decide whether you are to use her in deep or in shallow waters. If your sailing is to be done in shoal places, the keel is out of the question, because a keel boat will be aground in such waters half the time; but if you have plenty of deep water, use a keel boat. Such a boat is safer than the centerboarder because she has her ballast lower down. In fact, a very deep keel boat is uncapsizable; you can not upset her if you try. And then, there is more room inside of such a boat, because she has no centerboard-trunk to take up valuable space, and because of her depth. If

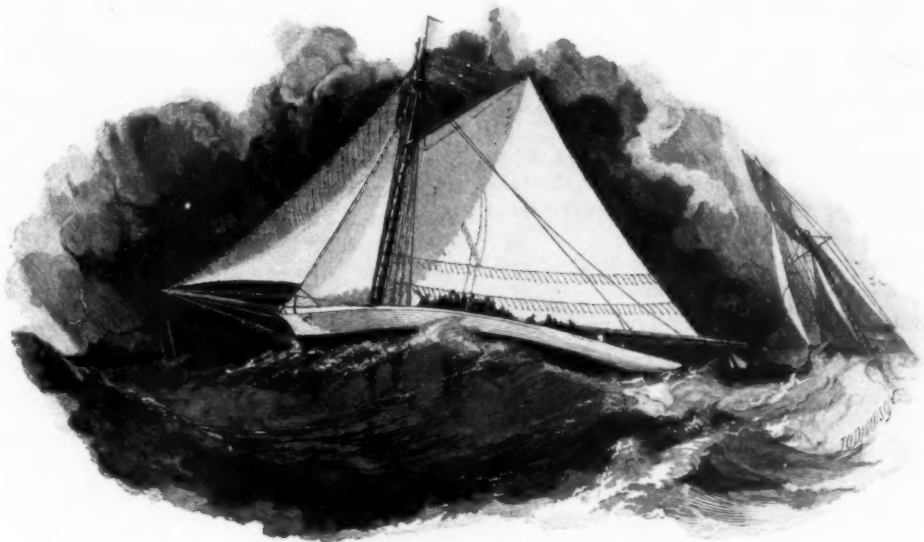


BODY PLAN OF TYPICAL ENGLISH CUTTER.

you prefer a light-draft centerboard boat, get one that is wide, for the stability of a shoal boat depends very much upon her beam.

In buying a boat, make sure that the bottom is thoroughly sound. Better a plain rig and

a good hull than a fancy top and a rotten bottom, is a good motto in boat-buying. Select your boat with care, do not be in a hurry, know what you want, examine everything about her, and you are not likely to make a bad choice.



ROUNDING THE STAKE-BOAT.

TO MALCOLM DOUGLAS.

BY AMY S. BRIDGMAN.

A VERY bright man made a droll little rhyme ;
 Boom — boom — boom !
 I 've wished that he had n't full many a time ;
 Boom — boom — boom !
 I said, " Now, this book may be hidden away,
 This rhyme is so funny, I 'll learn it to say,
 Some child will be wanting a story some day."
 Boom — boom — boom !

To learn it was only a brief moment's task,
 Boom — tidera-da — boom !
 (Now, once to forget it, is all that I ask !)
 Boom — tidera-da — boom !

Then quickly I tried it on two little boys
 Who reveled in games that made plenty of
 noise,
 But this pleased them better than all of their
 toys—
 Boom — tidera-da — boom !

And, hearing me say it, the little boys, too,
 Boom — tidera-da — boom !
 With very slight practice could say it all
 through—
 Boom — tidera-da — boom !
 And over and over, and over once more,

We 'd say it while marching and pounding the floor,
Till some wicked people — well, really, they
swore

At our boom — tidera-da — boom-a-diddle-dee —

Boom — tidera-da — boom!

And ever since then I have lost all my peace;
Boom — tidera-da — boom!

For, waking or sleeping, it never will cease;
Boom — tidera-da — boom!

Though the trials of many were grievous to bear,
With that fiendish old jingle of "Punch with care,"
Compared with this torment, they 're simply
nowhere!

Boom — tidera-da — boom-a-diddle-dee —

Boom — tidera-da — boom!

It's worn on my nerves till I 'm ready to drop;

Boom — tidera-da — boom!

But, horror of horrors, it never will stop!

Boom — tidera-da — boom!

'Gainst reading or preaching it still holds its own,
And even when into my parlor were shown

Some strangers, my greeting, in solemnest tone,
Was, "Boom — tidera-da — boom-a-diddle-dee—

Boom — tidera-da — boom!"

It would seem the bright man must be worse off
still;

Boom — tidera-da — boom!

I should like to inquire if he 's really ill;

Boom — tidera-da — boom!

But the mischief has gone to my head like wine,

And, just as I 'm going to say something fine,

I can't even get to the end of the line

Without boom — tidera-da — boom —

Boom — tidera-da — boom —

Boom — tidera-da — boom-a-diddle-dee —

Boom — BOOM — BOOM!



A FORMAL CALL.

(A True Story.)

A KNOCK comes at my door as I sit alone in my room, sewing; and before I can say, "Come in!" a little voice says warningly, "I 'm not Barbara, mama; I 'm 'Mrs. Martin.'"

Whereupon I say, "Oh! Well, come in, Mrs. Martin." And "Mrs. Martin" (as little Barbara often calls herself) enters.

She wears over her night-gown a white blanket coat with blue stripes, and upon her bare feet are blue worsted slippers.

She shakes hands with me very demurely, and, seating herself in her little chair at my feet, remarks that "it is a very rainy day."

I express my fear that she may be wet; but

she says "No," with a shake of her yellow curls—that she wore her "weather coat"!

"Won't you move closer to the fire, Mrs. Martin, and get warm?" I ask hospitably.

"Yes," says Mrs. Martin, with a sudden return to realism, "but I don't see any fire here!"

"We'll pretend my sewing-table is the fire," I suggest.

"Oh, yes; so we will," answers Mrs. Martin, holding her feet very near the imaginary blaze.

"Well, Mrs. Martin," I say briskly, "what's the news at your house?"

"The news is—is, I've been reading a book."

"Indeed?—and what is the name of the book?"

"The name is—'Cloris Chander,' and it tells about a man who dances jig-a-maree for roast beef!"

This bold stroke of fancy is too much for even Mrs. Martin's stilted gravity, and she laughs merrily.

"That must be a very strange story, Mrs. Martin. Have you read any others?" I ask her.

"No-o; you know I have no time. I have such hard work to do."

"I'm sorry for that, Mrs. Martin. How does it happen?"

"Well, I have no cook; so I have to *cook* and *cook* all day! My cook has gone away."

"I hope she will come back soon, Mrs. Martin," I say feelingly.

"No, she will not come till Thanksgiving. I make bread too—but not the way cook does!"

"Oh, indeed, Mrs. Martin. And how do you make your bread?"

"I put it in a bowl, and *roll* and *roll* it around."

"Yes, but what do you put in it?"

"Well," says Mrs. Martin, "I put some—some—water, and—and—*not* sugar; sugar is not good for my children," she adds severely; "but I put in spinach—"

This is so unexpected that I cannot help laughing; and this vexes Mrs. Martin, who suddenly changes back into Barbara to reprove me.

"No, mama, you *must not* laugh. Spinach makes good bread—very good!"



I hasten to make my peace: "Oh, excuse me, Mrs. Martin; you see I never heard of that way before, that's all." Then, changing the subject, "How hard it rains! I fear the roads are very bad for walking."

"Yes," said Mrs. Martin; "but I will send for my horse and carriage to take me home. I have *three* strong horses, and they can take me home as well as not."

Just then a faint clatter of china is heard in the next room, the nursery tea is announced by the little sister, and "Mrs. Martin" leaves without the formality of saying good-by to her hostess.



THIS month, my dear going-back-to-school friends, we will lead off with a few striking bits of information from various quarters, and end with a very curious American race and one in which a clerical plant like myself cannot help feeling mildly interested.

Meantime Deacon Green desires me to announce that letters to the dear Little Schoolma'am and himself concerning Our National Hymn* are steadily coming in, but that they would be glad to receive many more, by way of taking up, so to speak, a collection of ideas on the subject from this entire congregation.

And now let us consider the following serious charge:

TELEGRAPH-POLES FOOLING BEARS AND WOODPECKERS.

NOW you will say that this is a thing that no well-behaved, self-respecting telegraph-pole ought to do. But the fact is, they cannot help it. They simply do the buzzing (as any one can learn by applying an ear to the poles), and listening bears and woodpeckers are deceived by their own hasty conclusions. At least, so I am told by the dear Little Schoolma'am, who got the facts straight from nature and a trusty newspaper or two. With the little lady's permission, I now will submit these facts to you:

It appears that one Monsieur Pasteur, who is Inspector of Telegraphic Service at Java, reports that the woodpeckers in that island, hearing a buzzing sound, apparently coming from the inside of telegraph-poles, make up their bright little minds that there are insects gnawing the wood. So they dig great holes in the poles with their bills in the hope of securing the insects or grubs. The same incident has been observed in Norway; and the journal *Nature* says that, in some regions, the large stones piled against telegraph-poles to keep

them in place have been removed by bears. These creatures evidently take the buzzing sounds for a sign that bees are about. So Bruin thinks there must be honey concealed somewhere beneath the pile of stones.

The birds and animals have not yet learned much about vibrating wires or electricity, you see.

ENTERPRISING BEGONIAS.

EVERYBODY who raises flowers knows that certain kinds of begonias may be started by cutting off a leaf and laying it in the ground; but does everybody know that they sometimes try to start themselves? Last winter we had one so anxious to establish its family in the world that some of its leaves began to sprout while still fast to the plant. Almost covering the top of these leaves were little tube-like stems not a half inch in length, on which were tiny leaves, shaped just like the large ones below.

Of course as the leaves became old these dried up and withered too, but there is no doubt that they would have grown into perfect plants if they had been put in the ground. Now was this just a freak of nature, or does every one of that kind of begonias do the same? Who among the young botanists can tell? Yours very truly, L. F.

ABOUT THE FARTHING.

A LADY sends to this pulpit some information concerning the English penny, ha'penny, and farthing, which may interest you. None of these things grow in my meadow, but the English clover is quite at home there nowadays, and I like it exceedingly.

Here is the letter:

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: The ancient English penny was the first silver coin struck in England, and the only one current among our Saxon ancestors.

At the time of Ethelred, in 866, it was equal in value to the present threepence, and until the days of Edward First, it was so deeply indented that it might easily be broken and parted, when occasion demanded, into two parts—these were called half-pence; or into four parts—these were called *four things*, or farthings.

The farthing is now a small copper coin of Great Britain equal to the fourth of a penny in value.

The American cent, though sometimes called a penny, is of different value from the English penny, and we have no such coin as the farthing.

The word farthing, as used by the Saxons, was spelled *feorthing*. Yours truly, VIRGINIA FARLEY.

QUEENS' NEEDLES.

NO doubt many of you have seen "Cleopatra's Needle," sometimes called the Egyptian obelisk, in Central Park. It must have been difficult to sew with it, and in spite of the saying, "Kings have long arms," I doubt whether any queen ever had hands large enough or strong enough to use such an enormous needle as that. Besides, there is no eye in Cleopatra's needle. It would have been easy to bore an eye through the obelisk, for here is a letter that tells of an achievement far more surprising:

DEAR JACK: While reading an old copy of the *New York Tribune* recently, I happened upon this item, which I think will interest your little hearers:

"The Queen of Roumania, during her recent sojourn in England, say foreign papers, visited a needle factory.

* See ST. NICHOLAS for July, 1891, page 723.

While watching the work one of the men asked Her Majesty for a single hair from her head. The queen granted his request, with a smile. The man, who was engaged in cutting the eyes in the needles, placed the hair under the needle of his machine, bored a hole in it, drew a fine silk thread through the hole, and then presented the threaded hair to the astonished queen."

Yours very truly, L. M.

A TRAVELING PLANT.

DEAR JACK-IN-THE-PULPIT: I was sitting in a passenger-car looking out over a stretch of prairie land in the great Arkansas valley. The day was windy; indeed, a ship captain who sat next me said it was "half a gale," though, judging from the way the wind shrieked past us, I should not have thought of using a fraction in describing it. Suddenly a number of elegantly shaped, slightly built animals appeared in the distance and rushed toward the moving train. The wind, the antelopes,—for such they proved to be,—and the train engaged in a race, in which the antelopes, for a short time, held their own; but what most astonished me was that the antelopes were pursued by great gray balls, some of which were from four to five feet in diameter.

Not one of our party could imagine what these were, never having heard of anything of the kind. We watched the curious sight until the locomotive and the wind left the antelopes and the pursuing balls far behind us. To increase our interest, however, many more such balls could be seen on the windward side of the track, piled up against the wire fences, and in ravines and gulleys along our onward route.

I afterwards learned that what our party saw were known to the plainsmen as "tumble-weeds," and to botanists as the *Cycloloma platyphyllum*. It belongs to a genus of plants that grow into a thick, globe-shaped mass of twigs and small branches, attached to their roots each by a small stem that in the fall becomes dry and brittle; and, as the autumn winds sweep over the prairie, these stems break off, and the tumble-weeds go bounding away, scattering their seeds as they go.

Antelopes and jack-rabbits, grouse, and prairie-dogs are put to flight, cattle are stampeded, and



ANTELOPES FLEEING FROM THE TRAVELING PLANT.

the road-beds clogged by these flying masses of brush-wood.

I sent you, dear Mr. Jack, a photograph, which I hope will be copied for your crowd of young folk. It was taken from life, and by comparing the size of the tumbleweed ball with that of the man beside it, one can form a general idea of the proportions often attained by these traveling wonders.

Yours very truly,
J. C. BEARD.



A TUMBLE-WEED BALL. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

MAMMY'S BED-TIME SONG.

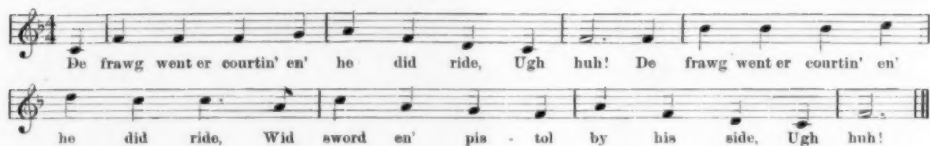
BY EDWARD A. OLDHAM.



WHAT, ernudder story, chilluns? Waal, I neb-
ber hyah de beat !
Yer pesters me so 'tinnually dat I dun't hab time
ter eat.
But ef yo' 'll shet dem peepers, den, en go right
straight off ter sleep,
I 'll sing er little song I knows dat 'll meck yo' laff
er heap.

Hit 's erbout de cur'ous weddin' ob de bull-frawg
en de mouse,
En how he rode de w'ite rabbit ter his sweet
jularky's house,
En erbout de weddin' doin's, en de music —
ebbryting !
Now yo' all lay still en listen ter de song dat
Mammy 'll sing : *

* Mammy's song is an old negro bed-time melody in the South and is sung to a tune the notes of which we print herewith.



Er frawg went er-courtin', en he did ride,
Ugh-huh !
Er frawg went er-courtin', en he did ride,
Wid sword en pistol by his side.
Ugh-huh !

He rode twell he cum'd ter de gre't w'ite hall,
Ugh-huh !

He rode twell he cum'd ter de gre't w'ite hall,
En dar he done bof rap en call.
Ugh-huh !

" Oh, purty Miss Mousie, is yo' within ? "
Ugh-huh !
" Oh, purty Miss Mousie, is yo' within ? "
" Oh, yas, sah. Hyah I sets en spin. "
Ugh-huh !

"Oh, purty Miss Mousie, I 's come hyah ter woo,"
Ugh-huh!
"Oh, purty Miss Mousie, I 's come hyah ter woo,
Ef yo' 'll wed me, den I 'll wed yo'."
Ugh-huh!



"As fer marriage, sah, I mus' tell yer nay,"
Ugh-huh!
"As fer marriage, sah, I mus' tell yer nay,
Bekase mer Uncle Rat's erway."
Ugh-huh!

Den de ole Uncle Rat cum'd home dat night,
Ugh-huh!
Den de ole Uncle Rat cum'd home dat night,
En axed whar wuz his damsel bright.
Ugh-huh!



"Oh, who 's come er-courtin' sence I 's
ben gone?"
Ugh-huh!
"Oh, who 's come er-courtin' sence I 's
ben gone?"
"Er handsome lad as
e'er was bawn."
Ugh-huh!

"Den teck his w'ite
hoss en put 'im
erway,"
Ugh-huh!

"Den teck his w'ite hoss en put 'im erway,
En feed him good on cawn en hay."
Ugh-huh!

"Den draw de 'simmon beer en fotch de wine,"
Ugh-huh!

"Den draw de 'simmon beer en fotch de wine,
So me en him kin set en dine."
Ugh-huh!

Den come er-walkin'
in de mole so
black,
Ugh-huh!
Den come er-walkin'
in de mole so
black,
Wid fiddle tied upon
his back.
Ugh-huh!



Dar come er-friskin'
in de dancin' flea,
Ugh-huh!
Dar come er-friskin'
in de dancin' flea,
En he did dance out-
rageous-lee.
Ugh-huh!



Den de jay-bird come
wid er solemn
look,
Ugh-huh!

Den de jay-bird come wid 'er solemn look,
En fotch de parson wid his book.
Ugh-huh!

Den come er-sneakin'
in er cat so black,
Ugh-huh!
Den come er-sneakin'
in er cat so black,
En grabbed Miss Mousie
by de back.
Ugh-huh!

Den ole Uncle Rat he
run up de wall,
Ugh-huh!
Den old Uncle Rat he
run up de wall,
En in er dark hole he
did crawl.
Ugh-huh!



Young Mister Frawg he jumped in de brook,
Ugh-huh!

Young Mister Frawg he jumped in de brook,
En dar he met er 'scovy duck
Ugh-huh!

En de duck she gobbled him right erlong,
 Ugh-huh!
 En de duck she gobbled him right erlong,
 En dat 's de cen' of Mammy's song.
 Ugh-huh!

"Dar now, chilluns, shet yer eyes, *shet* yer eyes!
 Dey 's wider open den dey wuz berfo'. I ain't gwine
 ter tell yer nary nudder story, er sing yer ernud-
 der song, ef yer dun't go right straight ter sleep."

A voice from below: "Mandy, have n't those
 children gone to sleep yet?"

"Lor! no, missus, dat dey hain't — dey ain't
 er-stud'in' sleep, en I 's plum wore out wid em!"

At this announcement there is a precipitate div-
 ing of little heads beneath the cover, followed by a
 period of silence, and a few moments later the
 sound of gentle breathing indicates that the young-
 sters have at last entered into the land of pleasant
 dreams.

Old Mammy, with a chuckle of satisfaction, tiptoes
 noiselessly from the chamber, looking cautiously
 back as she passes through the door, and disappears
 down the stairway.



THE LETTER-BOX.

CONTRIBUTORS are respectfully informed that, between the 1st of June and the 15th of September, manuscripts can-
 not conveniently be examined at the office of ST. NICHOLAS. Consequently, those who desire to favor the
 magazine with contributions will please postpone sending their MSS. until after the last-named date.

CHAMA, NEW MEXICO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I live in a little town in the
 northern part of New Mexico, located in a beautiful
 valley, surrounded by the grand old Rocky Mountains,
 whose snowy peaks appear, like giant sentinels, to keep
 watch over the quiet valley at their feet.

Of these mountains, Chama Peak is the highest, and
 its summit is often covered with snow as late as July.

The summers here are cool and delightful, and the
 winters are not extremely cold, though we usually have
 heavy falls of snow, which blockade the railroads, and
 shut us out from the rest of the world, sometimes for
 weeks.

The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad, a few miles
 above here, passes over the top of the Conejos range
 (pronounced Conãhos) at a place called Cumbres. There
 the snow is frequently thirty or forty feet deep, and

people walk about on snow-shoes over the roofs of the
 houses. They dig tunnels from the street to the door-
 ways, to go in and out. The far-famed Toltec gorge is
 only about twenty miles from here. The gorge is three
 times the height of Trinity Church steeple, in New York.

Fifteen miles south of Chama is the little Mexican
 town of Los Ojos (Hot Springs). The carriage drive from
 Chama to Los Ojos is a beautiful one; the road is over-
 shadowed by magnificent forest trees, and the sparkling
 waters of the Chama River dance merrily along beside
 it, and finally empty into the Rio Grande. The drive
 along this river road — through the moonlight, watching
 the flitting shadows that throng the hillsides, listening
 to the shrill bark of a coyote that now and then pierces
 the silence — is one which possesses a peculiar fascination
 for me.

At Los Ojos there is a band of Penitentes, who yearly

parade the streets, flogging themselves with the thorny cactus, carrying heavy wooden crosses, etc. They also suspend a man upon the cross. Several years ago a man died upon the cross at that place. There are only two American families residing at Los Ojos; the rest of the people are Mexicans. They live in one-story, flat-roofed adobe houses, most of which have mud floors and no carpets. The people live chiefly on mutton, with chilli sauce. Nearly every house is ornamented with a string of red peppers, thus adding a picturesque bit of color to the dusty gray tints which prevail in the mud houses and the treeless plains surrounding them.

The attire of the Mexican ladies may be described briefly as "a happy family of the most quarrelsome colors," which is somewhat toned down by the black rebozo which is the universal head-covering.

The Mexicans have many queer customs which I should like to describe for the benefit of your readers, but I must not exhaust your patience at the outset, or you will never care to hear from me again.

Very sincerely your devoted reader,

KATHRYN W.—

THE WATERFALL.

ALWAYS falling, always falling,

Always falling fast.

Are you tired of always falling?

Will you stop at last?

Birds are singing all around you,

And quite near you squirrels play.

Will you stop your constant going,

Just to listen for a day?

Will you tell me where you came from?

From some mountain far away,

Or some noisy, distant streamlet,

Where you merrily did play?

But the water answers nothing,

Only keeps on falling fast,

As it has been ever falling,

From the long, long ages past.

MAMIE G. O.

A young contributor.

FLORENCE, ITALY.

MY DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Perhaps you will enjoy hearing something of the interesting things I have seen since I have been in Europe. Last summer mama and I went up to a little village in the Apennine mountains called Castagno (chestnut). It was a very picturesque little place. It is the same village that Andréa del Castagno (the painter) came from. About six hundred years ago there was a landslide which swept away the village, and the inhabitants were obliged to leave their homes and go to seek shelter in some other village. After some years they began to sigh for their homes on the mountain-side; so some of them went back. Those that went back took the name of Ringressi (returned). The peasants with whom we stayed were descendants of those that returned. Near-by the house there was a very lovely little brook; I liked very much to go out and sit by it and listen to its babbling as it went rushing down the mountain-side. The house where we were was very interesting. The kitchen was the most frequented of all the rooms. In it there was a very large fireplace, where all the cooking was done. Projecting from the chimney was a hood made to keep the smoke from coming out into the room. Up under this hood on one side of the fire was an armchair and on the other a bench large

enough for three people to sit on. I was very glad on cold nights to sit up in the armchair by the fire. On the way up to this village you have to ride donkey-back for about five miles. I got on a donkey for the first time in my life, expecting to ride just a little way, but I did not get off till we got to the peasant's house. Mama rode in a little cart drawn by a mule. When the mule got to the first hill he began to back; mama jumped out of the cart just in time to save herself from being thrown out, for as soon as she was out one wheel came off and went rolling down the road. After that mama said she would not ride any more, so she began to walk; after a while the men came up to her with the cart all nicely mended and asked her if she would not get in. So she got in, and the way they got the mule to go up hills was this: when he began to back the men would push the cart on to him. While I was up in the mountains I rode on donkey-back up the highest mountain in this part of Italy. From the top I could see water on both sides of Italy, on one the Mediterranean Sea, and on the other the Adriatic, and I could also see the city of Venice, which is a hundred and forty miles away. We took our lunch on the summit of the mountain, and while my donkey nibbled grass I ate two slices of black bread and drank two cups of delicious goat's milk. We were obliged to go in little goat-paths that went along the mountain-side and were sometimes hardly big enough for our donkeys to walk in. I felt sorry when the time came to go away from the quaint little village. On our way home I rode donkey-back to San Godenzo, and from there we took a mountain coach to Ponte Sieve; from there we went on the railroad and back to Florence.

I am eleven years old, and I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for about four years. Papa sends you to me every month from Boston, and I am always glad to see you.

Yours affectionately, FLORENCE R. H.—

SAN FRANCISCO HARBOR, U. S. S. "MARION."

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I am living on board a man-of-war, and I find it very amusing. My papa is the captain, and we are making him a visit. I enjoy watching the sailors drill at quarters morning and evening. I like to see the colors lowered at sundown when the officers and crew salute the flag by taking off their hats.

There are about twenty apprentice boys, and I often talk to them and lend them the ST. NICHOLAS. This ship expects to go to Japan, and mama, my sister, and a friend of ours, and I think of going by steamer to Yokohama. I wonder how we shall like living among the Japanese for a time.

I have a little dog whose name is Fritz; he has been blind for nearly two years, but I love him all the same. He crossed the continent with me, and he has been my constant companion all through our travels. He seemed to enjoy living on board the "Marion" very much; all the sailors loved and petted him a great deal. My sister has taken the ST. NICHOLAS since 1880, and I have always enjoyed reading the shorter stories.

Your affectionate little reader,

ELEANOR B.—

KEARSARGE, N. H.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Some time ago I read a letter in your magazine from an army girl; soon after there was one from an army boy, so I feel it is the girls' turn again, and as I am an army girl, too, I think I will write one.

My papa is stationed in the far West, but we spent last summer in a New England village. Soon after we reached there, papa and I, with some friends, climbed Mt. Kearsarge. It is 3200 feet high, very rugged and

difficult to climb. The view from the top is perfectly magnificent; I counted ten or twelve little lakes nestled here and there among the trees. One small one particularly attracted my attention; it looked as if some giant in putting his cane down had made a deep dent and then Dame Nature had caused one of her numerous little springs to come gurgling up and form this beautiful little lake, like a mirror among the dark pines. On the way down we picked eight quarts of blueberries, and half a peck of mountain cranberries. I had a lovely time there. Papa and I went off on long tramps, and always came home laden with berries, beautiful autumn leaves, ferns, and many curiosities.

Where I was staying there was a dear old lady; she was very old, almost eighty-nine years, and yet was very fond of children, and though my papa says I am always brimful of fun and mischief, I didn't seem to worry her at all. She made silk quilts, and was quite as much interested in the news of the day as many younger people. Right near our house there was a lovely brook which rushed and leaped over the rocks, sparkling like a thousand beautiful gems. I have spent many happy hours there, reading and playing, and the happiest of all was when I went in wading. Like most of your readers I have some pets—a lovely black pony, a dog named James Blaine, and a canary bird; at my papa's last station, I had four rabbits, three ducks, a donkey, and a pair of bantam chickens, besides the three already mentioned. Papa has taken ST. NICHOLAS for me ever since I was three years old (I am twelve now), and I am sure I shall never be too old to enjoy ST. NICHOLAS and everything in it.

From your loving reader,

LOUISE M. S.—

STOCKHOLM.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: I wonder if many of your readers have been in Sweden. Half the year here it is all gloom and the other half all daylight. I like the Swedes very much, though I cannot understand all they say. It looks very funny to see over a café or a hotel door "Bad Rum"; one would think they were advertising bad rum, but it means a bath-room; and they call everything *affär* (affair), "hat affär," "sko affär" (shoe affair), which looks very funny, instead of shoe-shop. They have very queer things to eat, too. What would you say to slices of *pâté de foie gras* with cold raw oysters picked out of their shells and laid around as ornament? A great delicacy is *grav lax*—that is, a salmon buried raw in the ground with some bay-leaves and then dug up after two days, served, and eaten! Before dinner they pass a tray about with sardines, bread and butter, radishes, cheese,

and hard eggs to the *invités*, and a glass of brandy-wine. It looks so peculiar to see ladies eating all this with their gloves on just before going in to a big dinner; they call it *smörgåsar*. In all the hotels or cafés they have spread out a "*smörgåsar bord*," which I translate as bread and butter table, where you pay a *krona* (twenty-seven cents) and eat your fill of everything on the table, and there are sometimes twenty different things and no one to look at what you eat. They had a gymnastic fête that lasted five days. The women and men from Finland did the best as gymnasts. Then came the Danes, but the Englishmen got the prizes for running and jumping. I wish there had been some Americans; I am sure they would have won everything. We saw four hundred soldiers do the gymnastics all at once. It was very pretty; they do it so regularly that it looked as if they were moved by machinery. Then some soldiers with all their traps on, headed by their officers, ran over ditches, hedges, fences, and walls. When they got to a great high wall, how do you think they got over? They climbed in each other's hands and stood on each other's shoulders, then jumped down, till there was only one left, so they let him over a rope and pulled him over.

I have taken ST. NICHOLAS for two years, and I am always so interested in it; I think it is the nicest book in the world.

I am your little reader,

FREDERIKKE H. L.—

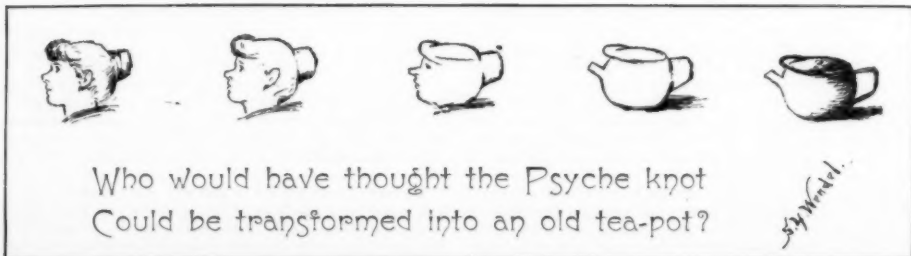
SAN FRANCISCO.

DEAR ST. NICHOLAS: Of course we take you or I would not write. I am an American girl, thirteen years old, but not very little. Three years ago we went to Arizona. Some people think Arizona is a dreadful place, but I like it very much. We were in the Mule Pass Mountains. We lived in an adobe house with four rooms in it—parlor, kitchen, and two bedrooms. It was a mining town called Bisbee. The principal mine was the "Copper Queen."

Your reader,

BELLE H.—

WE thank the young friends whose names follow for the pleasant letters received from them: Lulu S. G., S. C. and L. C., Belle S., L. B., A. I. R., Ethel F., Alice J., E. M. B., Marian G. B., Alfred F. E., E. W. P., Agnes B. B., Agnes G., Thomas F. H., N. L. G., Caroline C., Wentworth N. C., Robbie H. L., Zoe S., M. T. A., Maud, Clara and Bessie, M. P. H., May W., Belle C., H. C. T., Louise Z. G., Belle H., A. F. G., Muriel E. M. P., Huntington W. J.



ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE AUGUST NUMBER.

WORD-SQUARES. I. 1. Morass. 2. Orient. 3. Ridder. 4. Ædile.
5. Snells. 6. Stress. II. 1. Turbot. 2. Usurer. 3. Rubini. 4. Briton.
5. Enone. 6. Trines.

PI. The scarlet poppies cluster by the road,
The sweeping scythes flash in the falling grass,
And lumbering wagons, with their heavy load,
Along the dusty highway, lingering, pass
In harvest time.

Oh, bounteous season, rich through every hour
In gifts that make our souls with joy a-tune;
The fruitful earth is lavish of her dower,
From morning's flush till glows the yellow moon,
In harvest time.

HALF-SQUARE. 1. Curlew. 2. Union. 3. Riot. 4. Lot. 5. En.
6. W.

GEOGRAPHICAL ACROSTIC. Third row, nightingale. Cross-words:
1. Bangkok. 2. Bridgeport. 3. England. 4. Bahia. 5. Little
Rock. 6. China. 7. Nan-Ling. 8. Afghanistan. 9. Black. 10. Kala-
hari. 11. Spencer Gulf.

BEHEADINGS. I. Milton. Cross-words: 1. M-ark. 2. I-deal.
3. L-ash. 4. T-angle. 5. O-range. 6. N-one. II. Dryden.
Cross-words: 1. D-river. 2. R-ear. 3. Y-earn. 4. D-rape. 5. E-vent.
6. N-ought.

TO OUR PUZZLERS: Answers, to be acknowledged in the magazine, must be received not later than the 15th of each month, and should be addressed to ST. NICHOLAS "Riddle-box," care of THE CENTURY CO., 33 East Seventeenth St., New York City.

ANSWERS TO ALL THE PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from Paul Reese—Maude E. Palmer—"The McG's"—"Infantry"—Lillie O. Estabrook—Jo and I—"Charles Beaufort"—"Uncle Mung"—"Wee 3"—Alice M. Blanke—E. M. G.—Hubert L. Bingay—"Hawkeye"—Ida Carleton Thallon—"King Anso IV."—"A Family Affair."

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE JUNE NUMBER were received, before June 15th, from "Wisteria, Forget-me-not, and Heliotrope," 1—Helen H., 1—Carlotta W. Morgan, 1—Louise Wells, 1—H. G. W., 1—E. L. Derby, 5—Pearl F. Stevens, 10—Arthur Adams, 1—No name, New York, 1—Genevieve P. Mattingly, 1—John J. Lawrence, 7—Clara B. Orwig, 7—Ailie and Lily, 1—"Kittens," 1—Nellie L. Howes, 9—Florence and Frances Cummings, 1—Effie K. Talboys, 7—Elaine S., 3—Bonnie Banks, 5—Lottie Avery, 1—Ruth A. Hobby, 3—David W. Jayne, 8—Julia M. Hoyt, 1—Elma Smith, 1—Madge H. Lyons, 1—Agnes C. Leaycraft, 1—"Ipsa Dixit and Major," 5—"Mr. Toots," 9—Annie Kerr and Grace Harris, 1—"May and '79," 8—H. M. C. and Co., 9—J. A. F. and J. H. C., 7—Wilfred W. Linsley, 3—Ida and Alice, 10—"Nifesca," 1—Clara and Emma, 2—Carrie K. Thacher, 9—Nellie Archer, 1—C., Estelle, and Clarendon Ions, 1—Blanche and Fred, 10—"Five M's," 4—"Papa and Ed," 8—No name, San Francisco, 8—Georgina G. Rundie, 7—"Harry and Mama," 4—"Nemo," 1—Mama, Marion, and Adeline, 7—"Only I," 1—Freddie Suto, 4.

DROPPED LETTERS. 1. Shoot *fully* as it flies. 2. *Spare* the rod and spoil the child. 3. Death comes without calling. 4. *Human* blood is of one color. 5. It is very hard to *share* an egg. 6. Haste makes *noise*. 7. Lying *rides* on debt's back. 8. Dependence is a poor *trade*. 9. Out of pocket is out of *style*. "LAMMAS DAY."

DOUBLE ACROSTIC. Primals, Mark Twain; finals, Tom Sawyer. Cross-words: 1. Mount. 2. AtelO. 3. RealM. 4. KillS. 5. TibiA. 6. WideW. 7. ApplY. 8. IrenE. 9. NadiR.

STAR PUZZLE. From 7 to 8, niche; 8 to 9, essay; 9 to 10, yacht; 10 to 11, traps; 11 to 12, swear; 12 to 13, remit; 13 to 14, trace; 14 to 15, easel; 15 to 16, leper; 16 to 17, rabid; 17 to 18, demur; 18 to 7, redan; 7 to 1, Nemesis; 2 to 9, alchemy; 3 to 11, trowels; 4 to 13, upright; 15 to 5, lacquer; 17 to 6, discern; 1 to 6, Saturn.

DIAMOND. 1. A. 2. Art. 3. Antic. 4. Artemis. 5. Timid. 6. Cid. 7. S.

CHARADE. I-*van-hoe*.

DOUBLE SQUARES. I. 1. Tapir. 2. Aware. 3. Pagan. 4. Irate. 5. Renew. II. 1. Usage. 2. Sleep. 3. Ælio. 4. Gehd. 5. Epode.

A LITERARY NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work.

MYTHOLOGICAL CUBE. From 1 to 2, Niobe; 2 to 4, Erato; 4 to 7, Orion; 1 to 3, Naiad; 3 to 6, Diana; 6 to 7, Arion; 2 to 5, Epeus; 3 to 5, Delos; 5 to 7, Siren.

THE RIDDLE BOX

BEHEADINGS.

1. BEHEAD the handle of a printing-press, and leave a carnivorous animal. 2. Behead a mountain nymph, and leave to peruse. 3. Behead a place where provisions are kept, and leave certain coins. 4. Behead a South American rodent, and leave pertaining to an ailment which attacks epicures. 5. Behead a bracelet, and leave a corner. 6. Behead elaborate discourses, and leave allowances. 7. Behead circumscribed, and leave a weapon. 8. Behead to lift, and leave a newt. 9. Behead condition, and leave to narrate. 10. Behead one who joins, and leave saltpeter. 11. Behead to twist together, and leave corrupt.

The beheaded letters will spell the name of a famous painter.

ELDRD JUNGERICH.

WORD-SQUARE.

1. A MASCULINE name. 2. A musical instrument. 3. A tenement. 4. Extremity. B. C. G.

ZIGZAGS.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below the other, the zigzag, beginning at the upper left-hand letter, will spell the name of a man who was known as the "Father of the Marshalsea."

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A small stick. 2. To eat sparingly. 3. To baffle. 4. To select. 5. A beautiful lady of King Arthur's court. 6. An American arctic explorer. 7. Me-

theglin. 8. To prepare for publication. 9. To push into. 10. To pass lightly. 11. To encircle. 12. A tropical fruit. 13. A water-fowl. C. H. T.

CONNECTED WORD-SQUARES.

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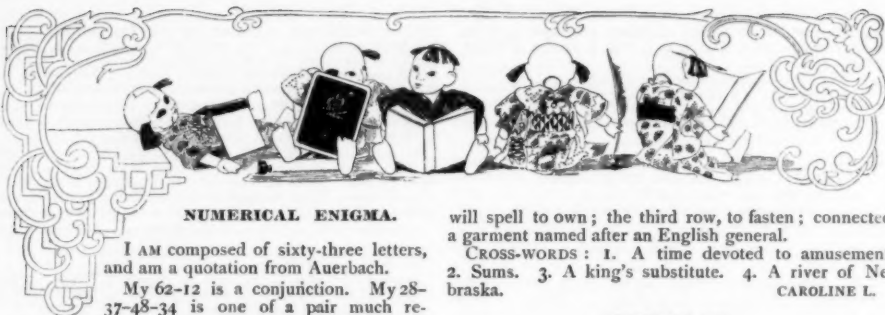
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I. UPPER SQUARE: 1. A companion. 2. Anticipation. 3. A tropical tree. 4. A set of officers who eat at the same table together.

II. LEFT-HAND SQUARE: 1. To wander. 2. One time. 3. The highest point. 4. To converge.

III. RIGHT-HAND SQUARE: 1. Auction. 2. A word meaning "verily." 3. To bestow temporarily. 4. Completes.

IV. LOWER SQUARE: 1. Gentle. 2. To assert. 3. Stables. 4. Formerly. F. L. NORTON.



NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I AM composed of sixty-three letters, and am a quotation from Auerbach.

My 62-12 is a conjunction. My 28-37-48-34 is one of a pair much resembling one another. My 22-57-14-44 is custom. My 41-25-59-8 is the fleecy coat of the sheep. My 4-10-39-19 is a small and harmless animal. My 6-49-15-32-55 is a mineral substance. My 1-35-30-46-26 is entwined. My 43-52-11-58 is an astringent substance which crystallizes easily. My 16-2-27-17-21 is complete. My 36-61-23-3-13 is to inflict. My 63-47-5-20-45-56 is an artificer. My 50-38-18-53-33 is an edible mollusk. My 24-31-9-51-54-42-60-7-40-29 is slow.

C. B.

PL.

Ew mewodel yam twih lal ehr inchgang siske,
Dan hadlie wiht yoj eht yenquel thomn fo sworfel,
Cointung meso sebsling no ache glefnite yad,
Glenlit hemt no a rasroy fo roush.
Mose lied stare stum allf boave het stap
Rof lal eht twese, dade sayd hatt ew breemrem;
Tub, hwit het regrade surersate ni rou sparg,
Ew kirdn het lendog wien fo thrigb trepmeseb.

ADDITIONS.

EXAMPLE: Add a small ball to a preposition, and make a brief statement. Answer: Bullet-in.

1. Add warmth to a domestic fowl, and make a pagan.
2. Add to equip to a feminine name, and make a fleet of armed ships.
3. Add an instrument of torture to a hole, and make an annual rental raised to the utmost.
4. Add an official indorsement on a passport to force, and make face to face.
5. Add existence to a fish, and make to seel, as a hawk.
6. Add to slide to covered the feet, and make very careless.
7. Add a sailor to a color, and make a kind of cloth worn in Scotland.
8. Add leads to a voter, and make an executioner.
9. Add a short poem to a preposition, and make an ancient Grecian theater.
10. Add vapor to ancient, and make related wrongly.
11. Add part of the head to a cosy nook, and make intent.

When rightly added, and placed one below another in the order here given, the initials of the first row of words will spell the time of reaping, and the initials of the second row will spell one of the most beautiful sights of autumn.

GILBERT FORREST.

DIAMOND.

1. In scandalous.
2. Furious with anger.
3. Souls of the departed.
4. Things we often make light of.
5. The space between two mouths of a river.
6. A body of water.
7. In scandalous.

S. B. B.

NOVEL ACROSTIC.

ALL of the words described contain the same number of letters. When rightly guessed, and placed one below another in the order here given, the first row of letters

will spell to own; the third row, to fasten; connected, a garment named after an English general.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. A time devoted to amusement. 2. Sums. 3. A king's substitute. 4. A river of Nebraska. CAROLINE L.

HOURL-GLASS.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Constructed. 2. Rage. 3. A tree valued for its timber. 4. In diamond. 5. A small snake. 6. To conceal. 7. An endowed chapel.

Central letters, reading downward, a color.

RHOMBROID.

ACROSS: 1. An English comedian born in London in 1830. 2. May be found on every hand. 3. A spirit distilled from molasses. 4. The third month of the Jewish year. 5. Appellations.

DOWNWARD: 1. In parts. 2. A preposition. 3. A kind of grain. 4. A kind of limestone. 5. Relating to elves. 6. A Hindoo divinity. 7. A Dutch measure for liquids. 8. An old word meaning "never." 9. In parts.

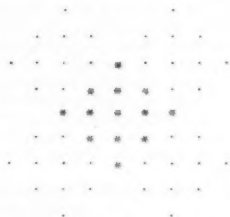
"THE WISE FIVE."

DIAGONAL PUZZLE.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Base. 2. To accomplish. 3. The hero of a play by Shakespeare. 4. Preserved in sugar. 5. A period of a thousand years. 6. A near relative. 7. To flag.

The diagonals beginning at the upper left-hand letter will spell a royal motto. C. B.

ST. ANDREW'S CROSS OF DIAMONDS.



I. UPPER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. To sever. 3. A stream of water. 4. To caress. 5. In Harrison.

II. UPPER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. A metal. 3. Drives. 4. A masculine nickname. 5. In Harrison.

III. CENTRAL DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. A weight. 3. Certain flowers. 4. A snare. 5. In Harrison.

IV. LOWER LEFT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. A heavenly body. 3. Orders. 4. Fresh. 5. In Harrison.

V. LOWER RIGHT-HAND DIAMOND: 1. In Harrison. 2. A sailor. 3. Auctions. 4. A color. 5. In Harrison. J. F. S. N.



"YOU MAKE SO MUCH NOISE I CAN'T SLEEP!"

FROM THE PAINTING BY J. H. DOLPH.

[SEE PAGE 904.]

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